

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1.598

JULY 14, 1900

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# KOKO FOR THE HAIR



(Photograph of ARTHUR SANDELL, aged 3 years.)

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Sir

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A. C. Parker Esq. S. R. C. S. Env.



## LATEST FROM LADYSMITH.

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Yours faithfully, Mrs. F. ALLEN.

Ladysmith Camp, March 15th, 1900.  
DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot write a long letter this time, for I am so busy all day long, but as I promised to write every mail I am doing so. I must tell you that this place is stinking, and the quicker we get out of it the better it will be for us. Out of nine men in our tent there is only me and another that has escaped illness. One man has gone in hospital, and the others are suffering from dysentery. It is terribly weakening, and I hope that "LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE" will arrive in time, for it has proved a splendid thing. I have doctored the men with it, and have only one dose left, so I shall have to trust in Providence if I turn up queer. I have only had about three doses of it myself, for you cannot see others bad and know that you have a remedy in your haversack. —I remain, your loving Son, WILLIE (Private Allen, Army Post Office Corps).  
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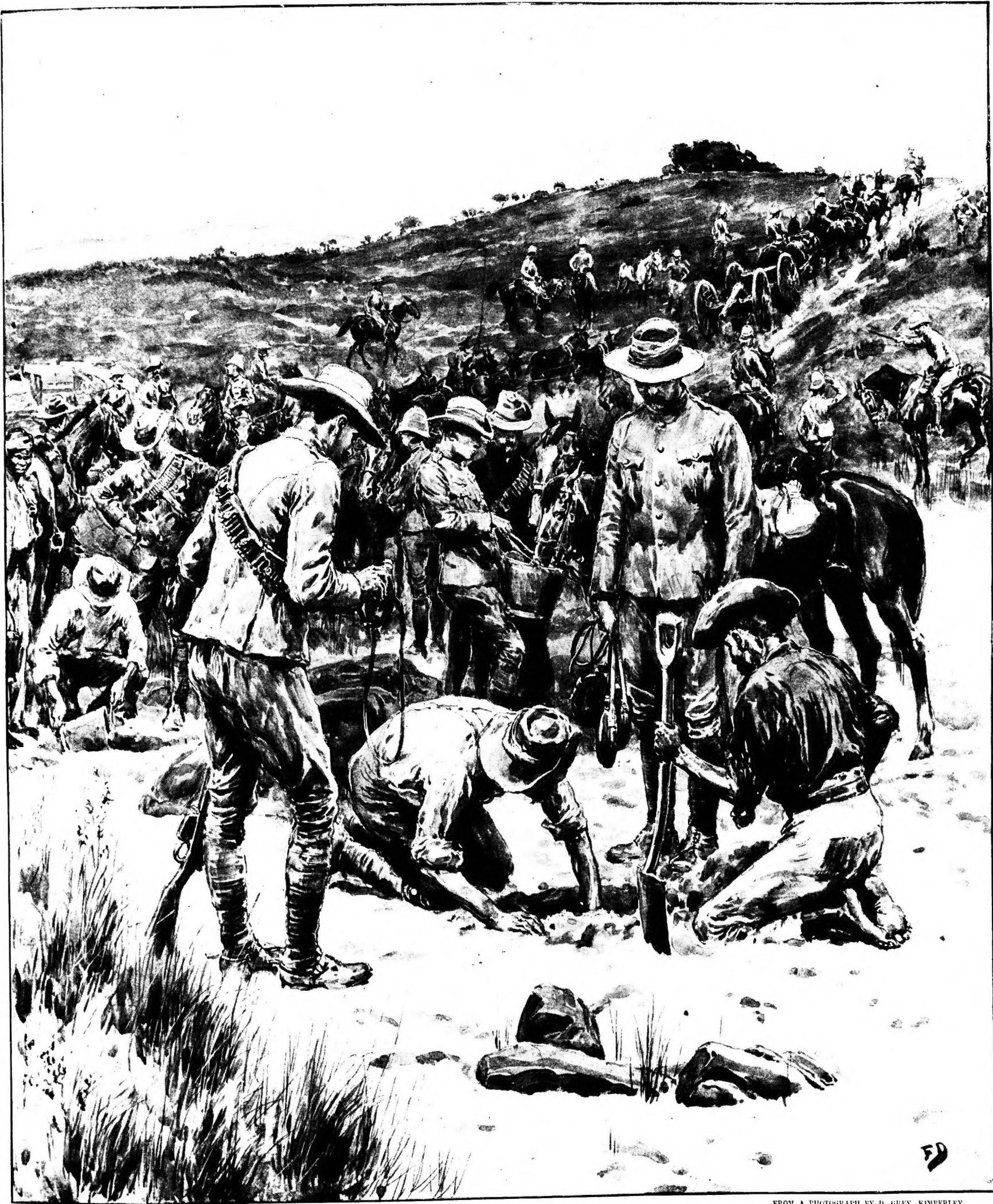
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1900

FORTY PAGES

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. GREY, KIMBERLEY

DRAWN BY FRANK DAUD, R.A.

"A march of one hour and a half brought us to Buck Reef Farm, on the River Maritsa, where a bad drift had to be crossed. One waggon overset in crossing it. The bed of the river was of rank sand, but by digging we got water of an ugly colour, not very pleasant in taste. Major Gold-Adams has since told us that we might have found pools a mile to our left. Still, it was water. The animals were watered from

buckets, or in troughs backed by sheets of galvanised iron and dug across the river bed. Poor beasts! They considered that the day's most important ceremony was being shurried; the mules complained in their most piercing whine. No beast is so pathetic as a complaining mule."—Extract from Letter from Mr. John Stuart to the *Morning Post*

A DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF RAPID MARCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA: SEARCHING FOR WATER

## Topics of the Week

WE are still in ignorance of the lines on which the immediate political crisis in China will be solved, but there is one point on which no thoughtful observer of the events of the last few weeks can be in doubt, and that is that the beginning of great and far-reaching changes in the Far East has come upon us. The Chinese Colossus has bestirred himself at last. His awakening has not taken the pleasant form foretold by that polished old Celestial, the Marquis Tseng, nor has it realised the Attilaesque nightmare of a barbaric irruption of the West which has possessed the brains of so many hysterical sinologues. None the less it is an awakening, and one from which it is not likely there will be another torpid relapse. China has revealed to us during the last few weeks an unsuspected intensity of nationalist passion, and a still more unanticipated capacity for giving military expression to her hatred of the foreigner. Happily the outlook has been limited in scope and area; but this is only a lucky accident, and it is very clear that unless some precautions are taken it will at no distant date be repeated on a scale which may shake the whole political fabric of the world. Now the only precaution which might be trusted to be really effectual is Partition. If each of the civilised Powers would undertake the pacification and control of a stated section of the Empire, the future would be assured, and the Chinese peril would disappear. Unfortunately Europe is not prepared for this gigantic task. Paralysed by mutual jealousies, in some cases by responsibilities in excess of their resources, and in others by domestic difficulties, the Powers dare not even consider the question of Partition. What is the alternative? There is but one, and that is that China shall be endowed with a strong and intelligent ruler, capable of controlling the passions of his subjects and of assuring respect for treaties. But will this finally solve the Far Eastern question? We doubt it. A powerful China—and if China once has an intelligent ruler she is, as Charles Pearson pointed out some years ago, bound to become powerful—will open a new and dramatic chapter in the world's history. The whole tendency of European enterprise in China at the present moment is to equip the untold millions of that Empire with the appliances of civilisation, and when to these appliances and its millions of wielders is added a strong Government with a long heritage of bitterly resented grievances and a proud sense of its rights, it is not improbable that a new and formidable danger will have been added to the forces of international politics. This is the threshold on which we now stand in the Far East. The prospect is not a pleasant one, lit up as it is by a hatred of the Europeans of the most menacing intensity—a hatred which is perhaps not altogether undeserved. Charles Pearson foretold that the day would come when China would show the world that she could play at the game of Imperial expansion with far greater success than any of the European Colonial Powers. That day is, perhaps, still far off, but there is no small reason for thinking that in the tragic events now being enacted on the Pei-ho we are witnessing the first lurid streaks of its dawn.

IT is a happy circumstance, at all events, that the somewhat warm controversy between the Head Master of Eton and Professor Armstrong should have brought the disputants into line on the most important issue of all. Dr. Warre candidly admits that the Army and Auxiliary forces need a larger supply of educated officers than is at present available. The question is, therefore, whether our public schools might not be brought into greater use for that purpose than is yet the case. Other things being equal, it is an irrefutable proposition that a lad educated at a public school has more of the makings of a competent officer than one who has not had that advantage. It would be a waste of time to argue that thesis; all military men of experience give preference to the public school product. But a good many complain that the examination he has to undergo before admission to the Royal College is too exclusively devoted to testing purely scholastic attainments. They consider that while care should be taken to insure a reasonably good all-round education, the examination might be made to include some spheres of practical professional

knowledge, such as regimental interior economy, Court-Martial law, précis writing and kindred subjects. With such a grounding as this before entering Sandhurst, students at the college would not require so long a time to complete their finishing training there, while, when they received their commissions, they would be capable of performing regimental duty as soon as they joined. We make no doubt that if the examination were thus altered, the public schools would very quickly add the requisite teaching to their present system of coaching candidates for Sandhurst.

THE comparatively sparse entries at the Bisley gathering this year do not in the least indicate any diminution of public interest in national marksmanship. That is keener than ever, as evidenced by the formation of numerous rifle clubs, and the eagerness of Volunteers to obtain ranges where it would be possible to attain proficiency with the Lee-Metford without endangering human life. Bisley is less patronised than in previous years simply and solely because a large number of its customary visitors have "gone south" to there apply the art this annual gathering seeks to promote. Not in vain, either; it is beyond question that popular interest would dwindle but for this permanent endeavour to give rifle-shooting a recognised place among our national sports. There may be too large an infusion of pot-hunting, while military critics pronounce that the sort of skill aimed at in many of the competitions would be practically worthless in a campaign. Both of these censures rest, it must be admitted, on substantial grounds. But when all is said that can be said adverse to the methods of testing merit which are adopted, there is no gainsaying the debt of obligation owing to the committee of management. Although it is not possible to duplicate the conditions of actual combat, every year witnesses the addition of new competitions approximating, more or less, to that ideal of excellence. Even the Queen's Prize does not remain unaltered, but, apart from it, the committee never permit the spirit of routine to hinder their efforts to render the British soldier, whether Regular or Volunteer, equal to the splendid weapon with which he is now armed.

THE approaching political contest in the United States bears a not very distant resemblance to the dispute between Imperialists and Little Englanders in this country. By force of circumstances, rather than of deliberate purpose, the Republican Party, with Mr. McKinley at its head, has been compelled to adopt a policy of national expansion, which is conveniently denoted by the word Imperialism. For many reasons that policy is only half-approved by the mass of the American people. The task of governing subject races is naturally repugnant to men who have been brought up to believe that government should depend upon the will of the governed. On the other hand, prudent Americans may well shrink from offering full rights of American citizenship to peoples who have no experience of and probably no sympathy with American ideals. In addition there is the serious question of cost. Both in blood and in money the United States has had to pay heavily for her victory over Spain, and the full bill is not yet presented. It will, therefore, not be difficult for Mr. Bryan, who once again is to lead the Democrats, to gain a hearing for his denunciation of Imperialism, and possibly also to win voters on the platform. His troubles will begin as soon as he is asked to formulate an alternative policy. Already it is clear that he finds himself compelled to compromise. He realises that it is impossible to abandon any of the recent acquisitions of the United States, and he is obliged to content himself with making a parade of the difference between annexation and the establishment of a protectorate. The distinction is not one to which the average elector is likely to attach much importance. The Democrats are further handicapped by the obstinate adherence of their leader to his free silver theories. Four years ago, when trade in the United States was depressed, Mr. Bryan was able to make an effective point by telling his poorer audiences that they were "crucified on a cross of gold." That catch phrase will no longer delude any appreciable number of listeners, for all have seen the abounding prosperity of the country during the past four years under a strictly gold currency. It seems safe, therefore, to say that Mr. Bryan's prospects are distinctly worse to-day than in 1896, when he first fought with Mr. McKinley, and was beaten.

### TO VISITORS To LONDON.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-DAY?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."  
ARE YOU GOING TO A PICTURE GALLERY?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."  
ARE YOU GOING TO A THEATRE?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."  
ARE YOU GOING TO A MUSIC HALL?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."  
ARE YOU GOING TO AN EXHIBITION?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."  
ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?  
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."

## The Court

THE London season is fast drawing to a close, and the Royal Family will soon be scattered for the holidays. The Queen goes to the Isle of Wight in ten days' time, but the Prince and Princess of Wales stay in town till the end of the month, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught return to Ireland now that the Duke is quite convalescent from his slight indisposition, and most of our other Princes and Princesses go abroad. Accordingly, the final Court gaiety of the year took place this week—the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. The lovely grounds are just now at their best, and with their velvet lawns, masses of flowers, and picturesque lake form an ideal setting to the scene. Although they only cover fifty acres, the gardens are so ingeniously laid out that they seem twice as large. Tents are dotted about, the Royal watermen are waiting with boats on the lake, the band of the Scots Guards is playing, and the guests find plenty to amuse them until the Queen arrives. Surrounded by her family Her Majesty usually drives slowly along to greet her visitors, and then receives a chosen few in the tent where the Royal party take tea.

Besides her brief visit to town for the garden party the Queen has been entertaining largely at Windsor, chiefly diplomatic and official visitors. The Russian Ambassador and Mme. de Staal, the Spanish Ambassador, the Lord Chamberlain and Lady Hopetoun, and Sir George White came down to dine and sleep, and Sir A. Condie Stephen, our Chargé d'Affaires at Coburg and Dresden, was the guest of another evening. Her Majesty also held an Investiture of various Orders, the ceremony taking place in the Green Drawing Room, where Princess Beatrice and Prince Louis of Battenberg accompanied the Queen. Some twenty-eight gentlemen were invited. Princess Louise and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur, spent Saturday to Monday at the Castle. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her daughter, Princess Beatrice, make Windsor their headquarters, while Princess Aribert of Anhalt, who is staying with her mother, Princess Christian, often lunches and dines with the Queen. There has been a good deal of music in the evenings. Herr Kubelik, the new violinist, gave a recital one night, and the band of the Grenadier Guards has played several evenings on the East Terrace. When in the Isle of Wight the Queen will have several of her family round her. Princess Christian and her daughters will be there, the Duke and Duchess of York will bring their children for a short visit, and several foreign relations are expected.

The Raphael gifts from the Urbino Academy have arrived and are much appreciated by the Queen. Mr. John Morris Moore, President of the Academy, presented the souvenirs, which consist of the Queen's diploma as member of the Academy, the Academic Medal and an album of photographs reproducing the art-treasures of Urbino, besides a cushion worked by the girls of the town.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have a very full programme to fulfil before leaving town for Goodwood and Cowes. The Prince on Saturday presided at a meeting of his Council, and in the evening the Princess and her daughters were at the Opera. On Monday night the Prince and Princess attended the last State Concert of the season at Buckingham Palace, while next day the Prince presided at the annual meeting of the associated boards of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music. Both the Prince and Princess were present at the Queen's garden party on Wednesday, while on Thursday they visited Ladywell to open the new Infirmary attached to St. Olave's Union. The Prince spends Saturday to Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, and next week goes to Newmarket for two days to be present at the Second July Meeting.

Royal interest and practical help for the sufferers from the war are unbounded, and the latest plan afoot is a home for invalided officers. The Prince and Princess of Wales have fitted up a charming farmhouse near Sandringham, where they will entertain as their guests convalescent officers who have no suitable home available. Colonials will have the preference as far from their own country.

Justice and common sense are too often lacking in the verdict of foreign juries. No more striking example could be found than the acquittal of Sipido—the would-be assassin of the Prince of Wales, whom a Brussels jury have positively let off on the plea that he acted *sans discernement*. His accomplices also go scot free. It is said that Sipido was to be detained by the Public Prosecutor for a time, but an officious gendarme let the lad out, and his parents promptly shipped him off to Paris. The Court was "surprised and disturbed" on hearing of his release, but their feelings were evidently not deep enough for action.

Although at the Empress's instigation Japanese ladies often wear European costumes, the new Crown Princess kept rigidly to the national dress on her recent marriage. Indeed, both bride and bridegroom wore full Japanese costume of the most costly and picturesque style. The bride's hairpins were perfect works of art—silver coated with gold, and her tortoise-shell comb was lacquered in gold. She carried a cypress fan adorned with silk ribbons and tassels. There were several thousand wedding presents, which were exhibited in the Aoyama Palace at Tokio.

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	A	B	C	X	X
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) a.m.	5 15	7 10 10	0 11 30	2 0	7 45
Edinburgh (Princes St.) arr.	3 50	5 50	6 30	7 55 10	31 July
Glasgow (Cen.)	3 10	6 0	6 45	7 55 10	30 Aug
Groton	4 12	5 7	40 9	13 11	17
Gourock	4 34	7 15	7 0	22 11	21
Oban	5 30	—	—	4 45	13
Pert	5 30	—	8 0	12 20	4
Leven	—	—	—	5 10	9
Perth	—	—	—	6 30	9 10
Dundee	7 15	—	8 40	1 5	—
Aberdeen	9 5	10 15	—	3 0	7 15
Balater	—	—	—	5 0	9 45
Inverness	—	—	—	7 50	12 5
Aberdeen	—	—	—	—	—

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By BALTIC CANAL to Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Christiania  
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FRED. HARRISON, General Manager L. & N.W. Railway.

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July, 1900.

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TO-NIGHT (Last Night of Season).

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ROYAL AQUARIUM.

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IN THE CENTRE OF LONDON.

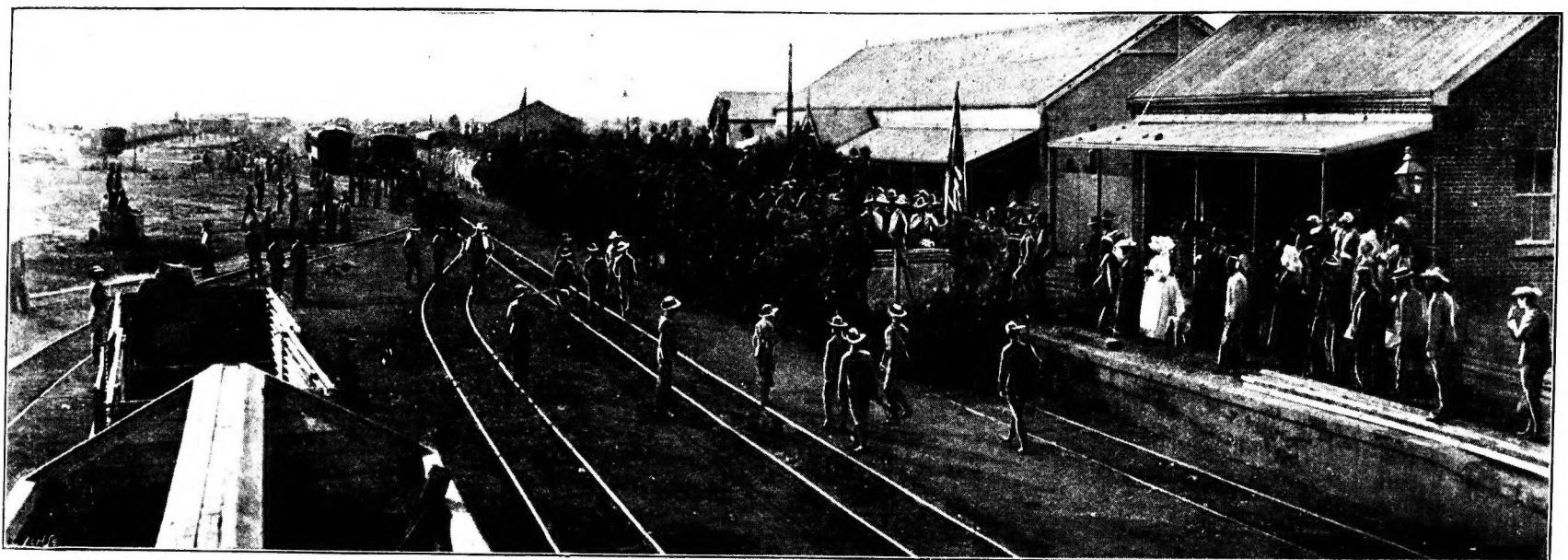
WET OR FINE THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS

for One Shilling, Children Sixpence.

EARLY VARIETIES 10.40 a.m. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW 2.10 and 7.10.

ALL FREE.

THE ENORMOUS PROGRAMME includes the Wonderful ESTRILLAS, the  
Queens of the Silver Perch; HERCAT, the Greatest of Magicians; the  
SAPHO Danseuses; GEO. W. KENWAY, Mimic and Humorist; Miss  
CLARA DOWLE, Vocalist; the MAJILTONS, Comical Jugglers; Jeannette  
LATOUR, Ballad Vocalist



The reopening of communication with the town by rail was a day to be remembered in Mafeking. The first train came in from the North piloted by the armoured train with its ingenious ropework covering.

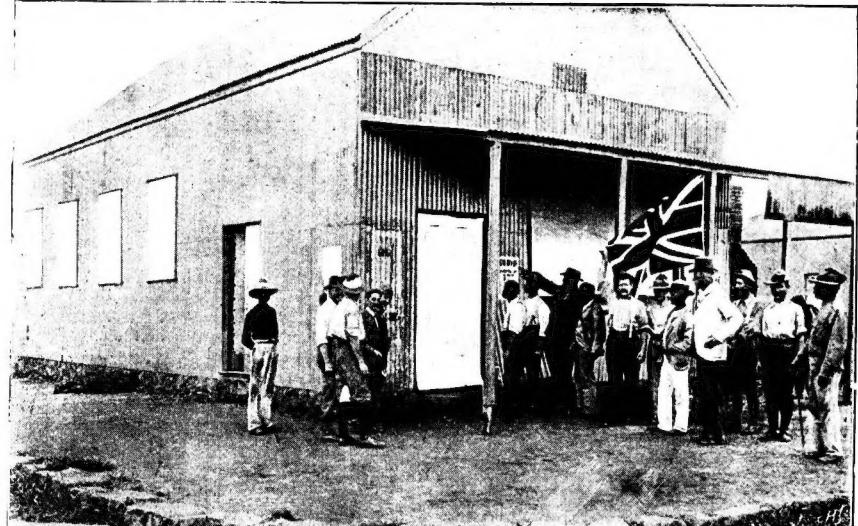
The fact that the train was able to enter so soon after the relief was largely due to Colonel Plumer's work in preserving the line.

AFTER THE RELIEF: THE FIRST TRAIN TO ARRIVE FROM THE NORTH



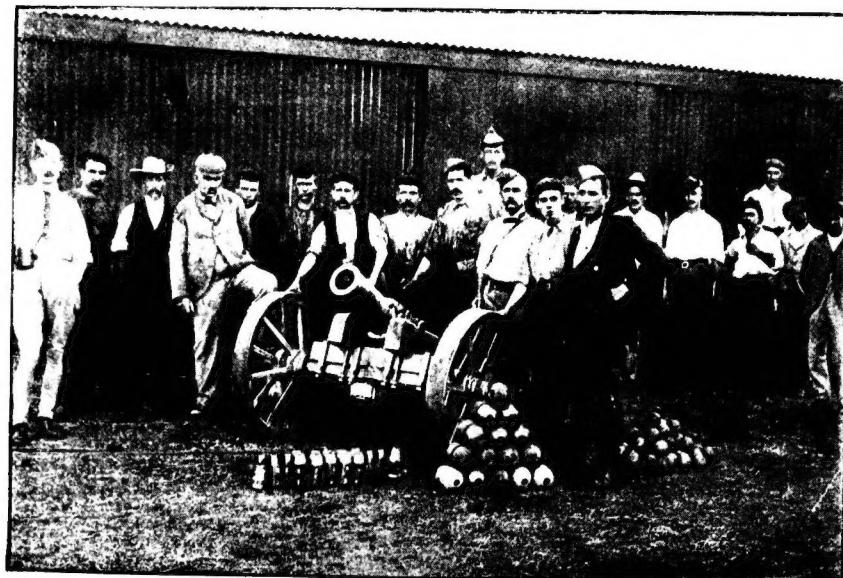
This photograph was taken on Christmas Day, and Captain Sandford was killed on the following day, when leading the gallant but ill-fated sortie to Game Tree Hill. Of six officers who led the attack, three were killed and one was wounded.

CAPTAIN SANDFORD AND HIS GUN



News from the outer world was sometimes scarce in Mafeking during the siege, but, sooner or later, messages announcing British victories reached the town, and were promptly posted outside the office of the *Mafeking Mail*. Twice shells struck the office and delayed the publication of the paper.

GOOD NEWS: OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE "MAFEKING MAIL"



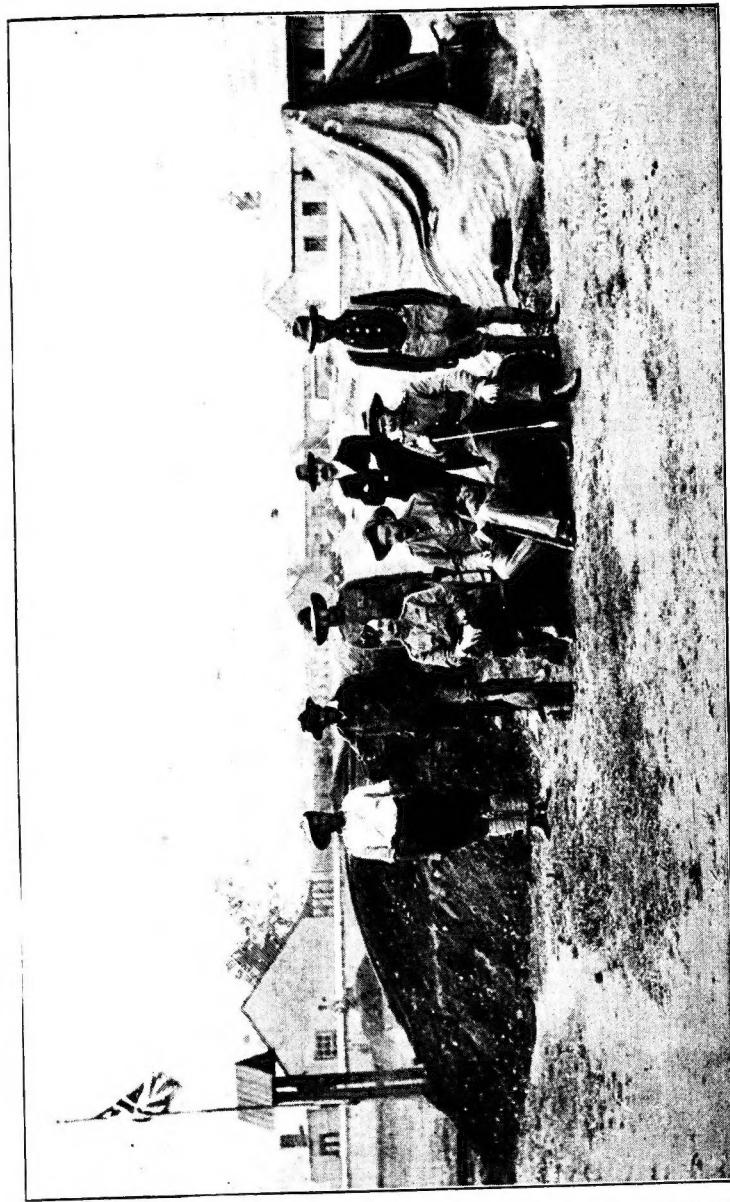
The local artificers in the town showed their resource by manufacturing two guns, one of which they christened "The Wolf." It was made of steel plate, with thick steel rings shrunk on.

"THE WOLF": MADE IN MAFEKING



This photograph shows the outside of the British South Africa Police Fort after the Boers, under Eloff, had made their final attack and been captured. The dead horses in the foreground belonged to our men.

AFTER THE FINAL ATTACK ON MAY 12



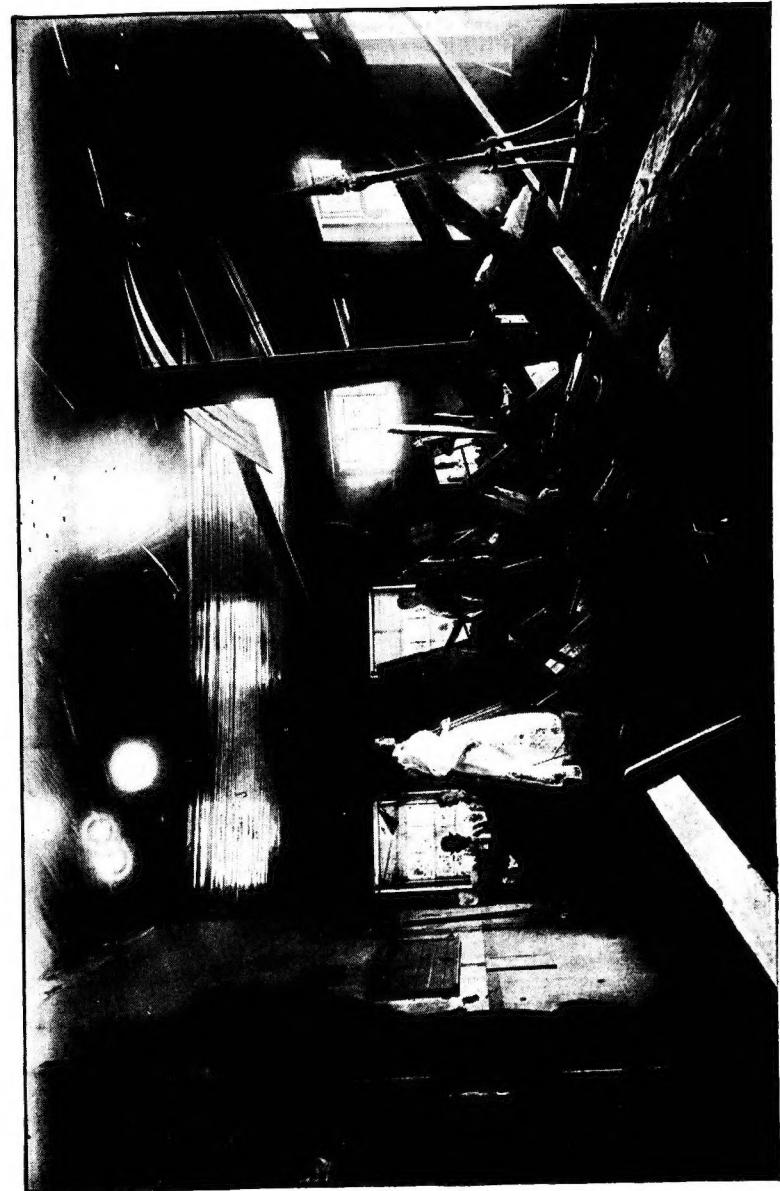
Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell, with Lord Edward Cecil, Captain Wilson, and other officers are here shown sitting at the entrance to a "dug-out," which formed their shelter when the Boers began to shell this side of the town

WAITING TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE RELIEF FORCE



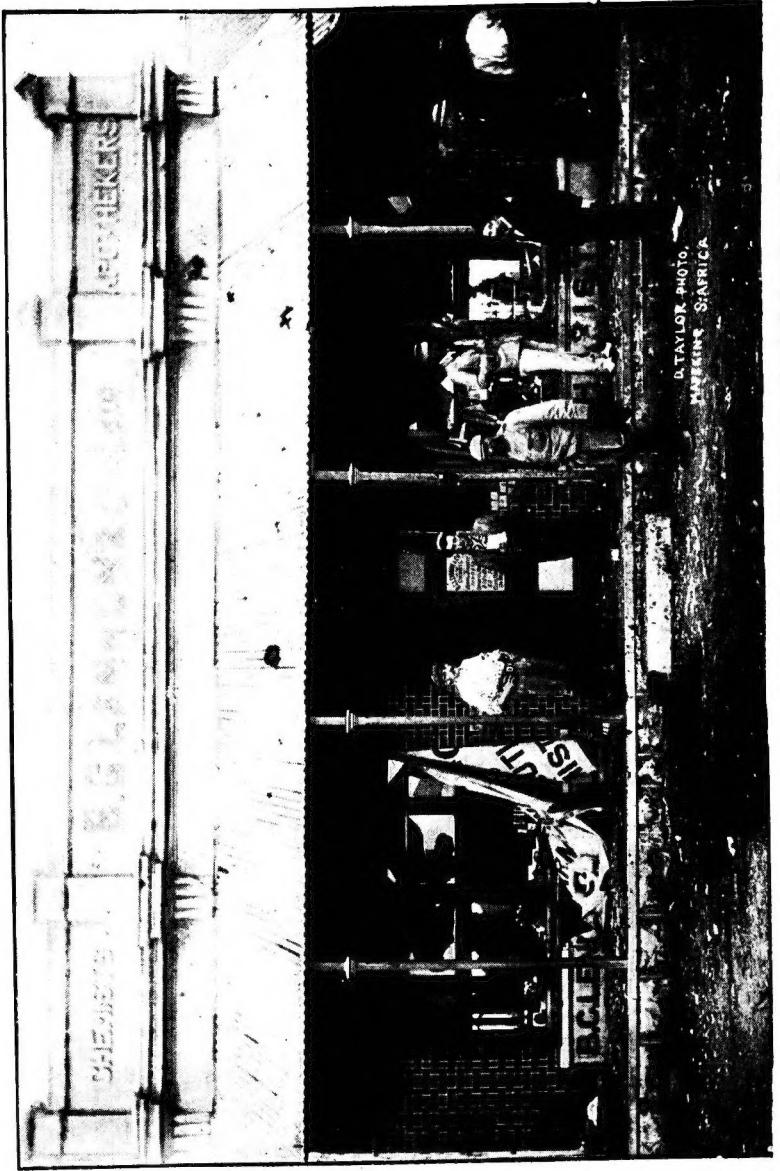
On the morning of the relief, the Mafeking artillery, under the command of Colonel Hore, was paraded, ready to co-operate without delay with the Relief Column, and, if possible, carry the war into the enemy's country

WAITING TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE RELIEF FORCE



Bradley's Hotel, an important building in the town, suffered severely. One 94-pound shell did the damage to a room shown in our illustration

THE EFFECT OF SHELL FIRE ON A HOTEL



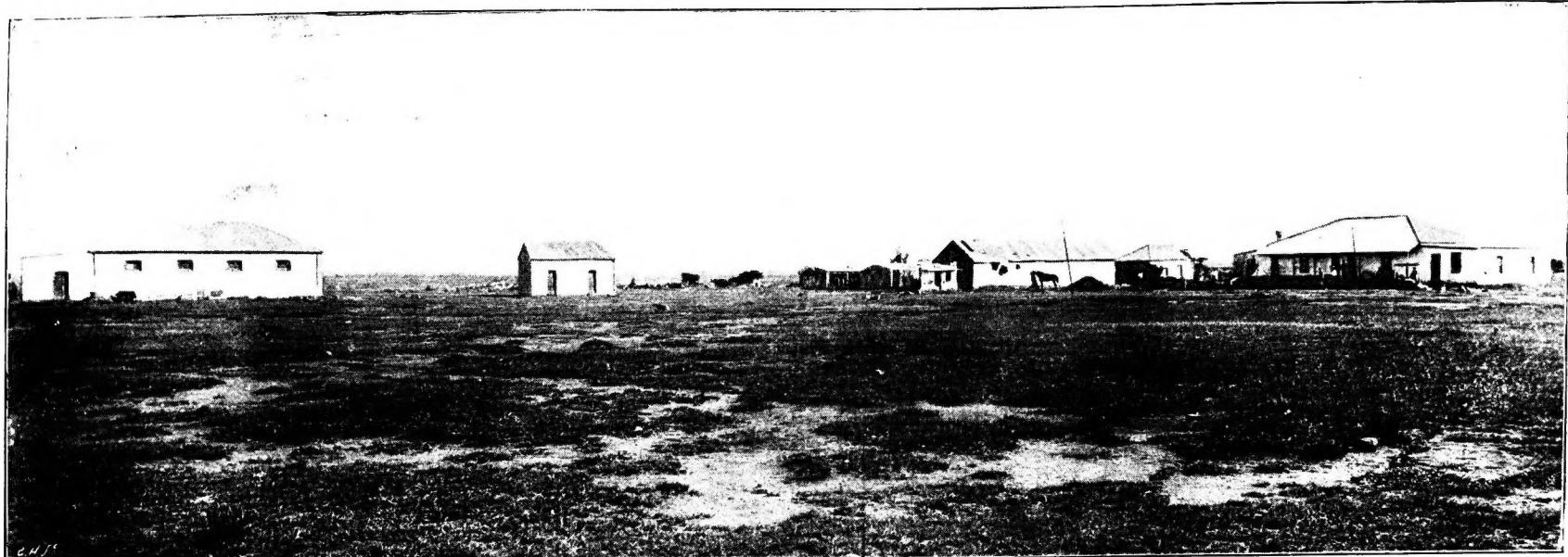
D. TAYLOR, PHOTO.  
MAFEKING, S.AFRICA

This photograph shows the condition of the shop after it had been hit by two successive shells from the same Boer gun

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP AFTER ATTENTIONS FROM "LONG TOM"

From Photographs by D. Taylor, Mafeking

THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF MAFEKING



On May 12 the Boers penetrated into the British South African Police Camp. Here they held Colonel Hore and his staff prisoners nearly all day. But reinforcements came up from the town and hemmed the Boers in so tightly that they had to surrender in the evening to their own prisoners. Among the Boers

captured was Eloff, son-in-law of President Kruger. He had led the attack, and, after his capture, expressed keen disappointment at Snyman's failure to support him as arranged.

THE SCENE OF THE FINAL ATTACK BY THE BOERS

Major Karri Davies  
Imperial Light Horse

Major Baden-Powell  
Intelligence

Captain Robinson, R.H.A.  
C.O. Pom-Poms

Major Swiel  
Transport

Captain Peatman

Prince Alexander of Teck  
A.S.C. to Col. Mahon, D.S.O.

Captain Cobb, A.S.C.



Captain Donaldson  
Imperial Light Horse

Captain Maxwell

Colonel King

Colonel Mahon, D.S.O.

Colonel Edwards  
Imperial Light Horse

Captain Bell Smythe  
Brigade Major  
Adj't., Imperial Light Horse

Captain Barnes

Captain Kerr, Royal Fusiliers,  
C.O. Infantry Detachment

Sir J. Willoughby, Bart.

Colonel F. Rhod. S., D.S.O.,  
Head of Intelligence

Captain Smith, Galloper

Captain du Plat Taylor, R.H.A.

THE STAFF OF COLONEL MAHON'S RELIEF COLUMN

THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF MAFEKING

From Photographs by D. Taylor, Mafeking



During the advance into the Transvaal the wire fences erected to keep cattle from straying had constantly to be cut to allow the troops to proceed. A number of men, dubbed the "wire-cutters," who were provided with wire-clippers, were told off to cut the wire and roll it up out of the way of the advancing column.

"WIRE, WIRE" : "WIRE-CUTTERS TO THE FRONT"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

## Chronicle of the Wars

By CHARLES LOWE

## The Boers Collapsing

WHILE the Boer delegates have been declaring in Paris that "they and their compatriots would rather die than submit to servitude," and while Mr. Kruger has been asseverating his solemn intention to retake Pretoria, the past week has brought with it no successes to the Boer arms—now reduced to guerilla warfare of a most half-hearted kind—while, on the other hand, Lord Roberts is now very much nearer the goal of all his comprehensive, patient strategy. There are signs, too, that the Boers are rapidly approaching the end of all their material resources, for otherwise they certainly would not have released at Reitz and sent over the Natal border to Ladysmith 800 of our troops, whom they had captured at the beginning of June in the Heilbron-Lindley region—the 4th Derbyshires (Militia) and the Irish Yeomanry—who reached their destination in a most famished and destitute condition. For not only had their captors been unable to feed those unfortunate prisoners of theirs properly, but they had also stripped them of their khaki uniforms and given them in exchange their own ragged and filthy clothes. Another equally eloquent symptom of the complete breakdown of the enemy's resources was the fact that, after an engagement with General Hutton's mounted troops east of Pretoria, they sent in their wounded to be treated by our doctors, which they would not have done had they still possessed much remnant of an ambulance organisation. But not only have the Boers begun to release their prisoners for want of the wherewithal to feed and clothe them, they are also themselves beginning to surrender in larger numbers than ever, and when Free State magnates like Mr. Steyn's State Secretary, his State Attorney, a member of his Council, and other dignitaries lead the way into our lines, the humbler class of burghers are sure to follow.

## The Cornering of De Wet

At the same time Mr. Steyn himself, accompanied by Christian De Wet and other commanders, had shifted their quarters to still another capital—Fouriesburg. The ex-President was mounting strong guards round his laagers at night, and sjamboking the faint-hearted burghers attempting to escape, just as it was said of the soldiers of Frederick the Great, that they were more afraid of the canes of their own officers than the bayonets of the Austrians. The force at the disposal of Messrs. Steyn and De Wet has been variously put at from 3,000 to 20,000, though the former figure is undoubtedly much nearer the mark. One day they made a desperate, but short-lived, attempt to recapture Ficksburg, attacking at midnight and fighting for only an hour, when they were driven off by General Boyes, and it was inferred that their supply of Mauser ammunition had run short, while they cannot use the cartridges which they have captured. Paget, too, Brabant and other commanders in the Orange River Colony had successful engagements with the enemy, pushing them evermore gradually into the corner where the fate of Cronje will be inevitably theirs, the more so as the military cordon separating the two quondam Republics is now complete from Volksrust and Pretoria, where, on the 7th inst., Lord Roberts had the pleasure of shaking hands with General Buller, whom the former found "looking very well, none the worse for the hard work he has gone through during the past eight months."

## "Bobs" and Buller

Lovers of the melodramatic may have been disappointed to find that "Bobs" described his meeting with Buller in such a quiet and unpersonal way. On such an occasion a couple of French commanders would have flung themselves off their horses and into each other's arms, with tears of patriotic emotion at such an historical re-union. But that is not the way of British Generals, even when they meet after a Lucknow, much less after a hard march of several months to Pretoria, nothing but a hearty handshake, perhaps even only a *nonchalant* forefinger from "Bobs" to Buller, in the manner of Mr. Joseph Sedley to his dearest friends after his return from Waterloo. Buller made haste to return to Standerton—for the railway between Pretoria and Durban is now again in full working order—all the more clear-headed as to the future conduct of the campaign from the few hours confabulation he had enjoyed with the Commander-in-Chief.

## Fighting in the Transvaal

As for Lord Roberts himself, he may well have felt like a man who had been simultaneously attacked in front and rear. For in his rear, that is to say, away west at Rustenburg, of which the district was supposed to have been pacified, the Boers had again become bellicose, in spite of the fact that well on to 3,000 of their rifles had been given up in the region between Klerksdorp, Krugersdorp, and Potchefstroom. But at Rustenburg a body of them suddenly made their appearance with the impudent demand for the surrender of the town and garrison. To which demand Hanbury Tracy, in command

there, replied with a virtual "*j'y suis; j'y reste*," and then skilfully frustrated an attempt of the Boers to capture the heights commanding the town. Their repulse was rendered all the more complete and ruinous by the timely arrival of Colonel Holdsworth, 7th Hussars, who, on hearing that Rustenburg was likely to be molested, had made a rapid march of forty-eight miles from near Zeerust—for whatever blunders may have been committed by some of our commanders throughout the war, their troops have always marched with superb endurance and supremely well. On Lord Roberts's eastern front, too, General Hutton, reinforcing Mahon's column, repulsed a force of some 3,000 of Botha's Boers, with eight guns, beyond Brinkerspruit of evil memory, where they had been trying to get round our right flank; while eighteen miles north-east of Standerton a party of thirty-four recruits of Strathcona's Horse achieved a similar victory over a body of about 200 Boers holding a kopje. For the second time Lord Roberts is refitting and remounting his cavalry, and by the time that De Wet and Steyn have been cornered he will be in a position to make an enveloping advance towards the east and end the war, even if Botha does not surrender when his colleague in the Orange River Colony has been rendered innocuous.

As for De Wet, the process of cornering him was furthered very considerably by the capture of Bethlehem, his capital after Lindley, on the 7th inst. Clements and Paget were the Generals who performed this very neat and effective feat of arms on the ubiquitously elusive De Wet, who, refusing to surrender the place, was ousted out of it next day with the help of a wide turning movement on the part of Paget—a movement intended to supplement the capture of a height dominating the town by a gallant assault of the Munster Fusiliers and the Yorks Light Infantry; while another position was gallantly seized by the Royal Irish Regiment, who recovered a gun of the 77th Battery, lost at Stormberg—which makes us all exceedingly grateful to the Royal Irish. In a few days we may hope to hear of the final cornering of De Wet.

## FROM PRETORIA TO PEKING

It is a far cry from Pretoria to Peking, and the only thing common to the situation at both those capitals is the veil of obscurity which has shrouded both seats of war during the past week. For it is no use ignoring the fact that a state of practical war now exists in China, as in the Transvaal, whether it has been formally declared or not. The European Powers have invaded, and are strenuously preparing to make a further and still more formidable invasion of China, with the primary object of relieving their Legations at Peking, and then of restoring order and good government in that capital; and the only question, so far, is what the real fate of those foreign Embassies has been. This is the question which has kept the whole of Europe on the tenterhooks of alternate hope and doubt for more than a fortnight, and at the time of writing hope has happily regained the ascendant—hope based on a Taku telegram, dated 7th inst., from Admiral Bruce, to the effect that there were grounds for believing that Prince Ching, with his troops at Peking, was protecting the Legations against Prince Tuan and his army and the Boxers; and, furthermore, in another despatch from Shanghai, delivered from official sources, that the Empress had resumed the usurped reins of Government on the 30th ult., and appointed Yung Lu her Prime Minister—the same Dowager-Empress who was reported to have committed suicide, in imitation of the act of the Emperor, "under the compulsion of Prince Tuan." Otherwise most of the news relating to Peking for the last week has been of the nature of wild, alarming and contradictory rumour. At first it was stated on the authority of a courier's message, dated June 24, from Peking, that all the Legations save four had been destroyed, and a few days later the number of surviving Embassies was reduced to two, including that of Great Britain. It is to be feared that if Prince Tuan and the Boxers, or the party in power, had made up their minds to annihilate all the "foreign devils" in Peking, they would not have allowed themselves to be restrained by the intimation of Lord Salisbury, conveyed through the Chinese Minister in London, that "the authorities in Peking would be held personally guilty if members of the European Legations, or other foreigners, suffered injury."

## "Prepare Hear Worst"

Lord Salisbury's warning seemed to carry with it little hope in view of a telegram from Shanghai about the same time with the curt and chilling message, "Prepare hear worst," a message which reached us simultaneously with one from Sir Claude Macdonald, sent out by runner, confirming the murder of



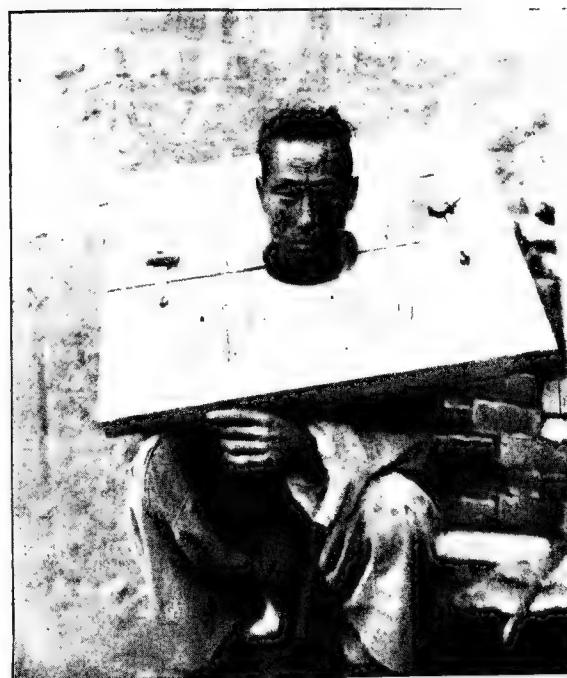
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DEFENDER OF MAFEKING

From a Photograph by D. Taylor, Mafeking



A CHINESE LADY OF SHAN-TUNG



A THIEF IN A WOODEN COLLAR FOR PUNISHMENT

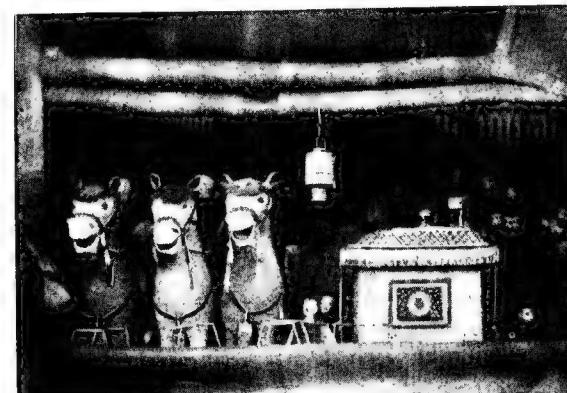


A CIVIL OFFICIAL OF THE FOURTH DEGREE

the German Minister, and anticipating an immediate attack on the British Legation. Though the Viceroys in the South were standing firm, and refusing to act on the orders of the Dowager-Empress, the rebellion in the North continued to spread, especially in Shantung; and even in Southern Manchuria the rebels were actively destroying coal mines, railways and telegraphs, and cutting off the Russians at Port Arthur from communication with the north. The Consuls at Shanghai sent messages to their Governments pointing out that the insurrectionary movement was extending, and stating that if the allied forces in the north met with reverses, the disturbances would certainly reach Central and Southern China, and result in the murder of foreigners and the ruin of trade. How the Chinese will wage war may be gathered from a Tientsin telegram describing the fighting up to 29th ult. between that town and the capital. The "Boxers" and their confederates not only mutilated the dead in the most shocking manner, but perpetrated nameless atrocities on the wounded. The smoke of a hundred fires was visible in every direction, and thousands of Chinese dead were lying about unburied. From Tientsin to Taku the Pei-ho was "full of floating bodies," and dogs were ravenously feeding on those which had been washed ashore. Amidst these scenes of horror some noble acts of heroism on the part of the Europeans were recorded. When hope had been almost abandoned at Tientsin, the Russian Commander arranged that the main body of troops should make a sortie with the civilians, and that 400 Russians should be left to divert attention and sacrifice their lives. Fortunately this sacrifice was not needed, as reinforcements just then arrived. A young Englishman, John Watts, said to be the best rider in China, with three Cossacks, risked his life in carrying a message from Tientsin to Taku to obtain help. He had repeatedly to charge through villages under fire.

#### Rays of Hope

But presently some rays of hope began to struggle through the horror-laden clouds. A runner, who had left Peking on the 3rd inst., brought to the Governor of Shantung the news, which was confirmed by a late message to the British Consul-General at Shanghai, that on that date two Legations were still uncaptured, and the Chinese troops and "Boxers" were much disheartened—the former having lost over 2,000 killed. "Many Boxer ringleaders also slain. Now dare not approach Legations, Boxers saying their mystic force broken by foreigners. Messenger further says, if foreigners have sufficient food and ammunition, should be able to hold out long time." This referred to



PAPER HORSES AND SEDAN CHAIR TO BE BURNED AT A FUNERAL FOR THE USE OF A DECEASED PERSON IN THE SPIRIT WORLD



SACRIFICIAL OFFERING AT A FUNERAL OF A WHOLE PIG PRESENTED BY FEMALE RELATIVES OF THE DECEASED PERSON



A PAPER HORSE AND CART TO BE BURNED FOR THE USE OF A DECEASED PERSON IN THE SPIRIT WORLD



THE GOD OF LITERATURE



A CURIOSITY OF COSTUME: A BOY OF SHAN-TUNG



C. E. FRIPP.  
KROONSTAD.

Our Artist, writing of Compton's Horse, says:—"This smart force, belonging to the Imperial Yeomanry, was inspected soon after its arrival at Kroonstad by Lord Roberts, who honoured the corps by choosing it as part of his bodyguard. Tents are not used, except for officers, by the forces around Kroonstad. Consequently, instead of rows of the well-ordered tents which characterise a British encampment, the

slopes around the town are covered with long dark lines of bivouacs, of which my sketch affords a typical example. The shelters, formed of blankets and waterproof sheets, used by day as protection from the sun, are, of course, taken down by night, when, at this time of year, the cold verges on frost."

COMPTON'S HORSE BIVOUACKING AT KROONSTAD

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

A Correspondent writes from Ladysmith:—"All the washing is done by Kaffir women. During the siege they had some narrow escapes from shells while rinsing the clothes in the river. One day a shell buried itself in the stream, exploding as it touched the water, and sent the women flying in all directions. Fortunately no one was hurt, and we, who saw the incident, could not refrain from laughter when

we witnessed the antics of the women and their children who were with them. A shell that hits is no joke, but everyone laughs at those that miss. We are too accustomed to shells to treat them very seriously."

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

A SHELL AMONG THE WASHERWOMEN: A MEMORY OF LADYSMITH



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT E. B. KNOWLTON

A Correspondent writes:-"When we crossed the Klip River, the Field Artillery were just able to keep the muzzles of their guns clear of the water, though some of the gunners got a wetting."

WITH SIR RENDELL BULLER'S FORCE : FIELD ARTILLERY CROSSING A DRIFT

## Spheres of Influence in China

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE rather vague term, "sphere of influence," which we have heard so frequently in connection with China, has one distinctive peculiarity—its elasticity. This, be it said, has endeared it to the hearts of politicians, for it may mean much or nothing at all, according to the will or strength of the Power for whose territorial ambitions it serves as a convenient cloak. Literally, however, it may be taken to indicate either certain advantages or privileges accorded by the Chinese Government to one particular Power in some definite part of the Empire, as in the case of Germany in Shantung, or else it is merely an engagement from the Chinese Government to a foreign Power not to alienate a certain region without reference to that Power. Such an engagement is the charter of British rights in the Yangtse Valley. Japan attempted to obtain a similar sphere on the mainland facing Formosa. Another form in which foreign influence has established itself in China is by the leasing of ports and coaling stations to various Powers, instances of which are too well known to be given here.

The whole of this movement began no further back than two and a half years ago, after the Japanese War had left China prostrate. It will be remembered how the fruits of her victory were snatched from Japan and she was compelled to look on while the European Powers took the first steps towards what was practically the partition of China.

These Powers had already many commercial and other interests in China, which were difficult to defend in the state of anarchy prevailing throughout the Empire. There were, too, missionaries of all nationalities, whose frequent murder called for redress, but, above all, the mutual jealousy of the Powers afforded a stimulus to their anxiety as to the fate of China, and the immediate neighbourhood of a powerful and growing nation precipitated matters.

Germany is usually credited with having been first in the field, but, as a matter of fact, Russia, although the fact was not announced till later in the day, obtained the lease of Talienshan and Port Arthur for twenty-five years prior to the move of Germany. The lease was officially confirmed in March, 1898, and in May Manchuria became practically a Russian sphere through privileges granted in connection with the extension of the Trans-Siberian railway to those ports. The concession to Russia debarred other Powers from making lines north of Port Arthur and Talienshan, and prohibited the opening of other ports in the neighbourhood.

Towards the end of 1897 Germany, as a retaliation for the murder of German missionaries in Shantung, established her influence by the military occupation of that province, and in March, 1898, she obtained the recognition by China of her claims, the lease for 99 years of Kiaochau Bay, and the extension of her "sphere" over the whole province of Shantung. Like Russia in Manchuria, Germany demanded and acquired certain exclusive economic privileges, including the sole right of railway constructions and preferential rights in connection with all works for development of the province and provision of materials for the same. All these claims are in contravention of the existing treaties between China and other Powers, but are, nevertheless, in active operation and bear witness to the reality of the carving up of China.

The action taken by Russia in occupying Port Arthur and Talienshan naturally aroused the apprehension of Great Britain, whose commercial interests in China have always been larger than those of any other Power. The closing of any part of China, which would naturally follow in the wake of Russian influence, would be a serious matter. Unfortunately, however, the acquisition of these ports was not prevented, no remedy remained to Britain save to make counter claims, and, after considerable pressure, the lease was obtained of Wei-hai-Wei on July 1, 1898. The Yangtse Valley had already been claimed by Britain as her "sphere of influence," specially suited for exploitation by a commercial-maritime nation, and the Chinese Government yielded so far as to give the celebrated, if vague, assurance which, as already said, is the charter of British rights in the Yangtse Valley. This assurance contained no concessions as to exclusive rights for Great Britain, for these were not demanded, the one stipulation being for the "open door" and the promise not to alienate the provinces adjoining the Yangtse. Thus a British sphere was established over six of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire, with about 120,000,000 people, and between 3,000 and 4,000 miles of navigable waterway.

Next came France, whose claims were based on the possession of an important colony immediately to the south of China. Soon after the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei she demanded a coaling station at Kwang-Chou-Wan, facing the island of Hainan. She had already stipulated for the non-alienation of that island, on account of its position dominating the Gulf of Tongking, and now, stimulated by the successes of other Powers, she obtained a similar promise with regard to the three provinces neighbouring Tongking. Although at the time not stipulating for exclusive rights and privileges in the "sphere" so obtained, France had previously managed to arrange for various monopolies.

This acquisition, close to her own recently granted and loosely defined sphere, caused further anxiety at home, and the Chinese Government was pressed for more concessions to counterbalance those obtained by France. Britain was successful in obtaining an extension of her limits, which brought within her sphere two of the provinces already half promised to France. China, presumably, was anxious to satisfy everyone as cheaply as possible. The matter was settled by an arrangement of mutual benefit and privileges in the province of Yunnan, while in Kwangtung, which faces the important port of Hong Kong, Britain's stake was too large to be discounted.

Hitherto Japan has not sought any leasehold on the mainland, but has secured a promise of non-alienation of the province of Fokien, and has since extended her demands to the two neighbouring provinces.

In this struggle for spheres even a minor Power like Italy has tried to win something from the Chinese Government, but her demand for the lease of the bay of Sanmun, with a pledge not to alienate Chekiang, though supported by Great Britain, was flatly refused.

America stands in a different position from all other Powers. She has one interest alone in China, and that is the "open door."

Thus, it will be seen, thirteen out of the eighteen provinces of China are parcelled out, let off, as it were, to other Powers, who, while only lodgers, may very easily regard themselves, on the "might is right" principle, as landlords. Besides the "spheres," many concessions for mining and railways have been granted. A Belgian syndicate has a line from Peking to Hankau, a German railway is to run from Tientsin to Chinkiang, and an American line from Canton to Hankau. So far Austria and Belgium have refrained from any attempt to acquire territory, but a new era is dawning. All these nations have vested interests which have suffered in the recent disturbances, and their missionaries have lost their lives probably, their homes certainly, in the Boxer rising. When the time arrives for settling up there will be a long list of claims for damages against the Chinese Government.

## Music

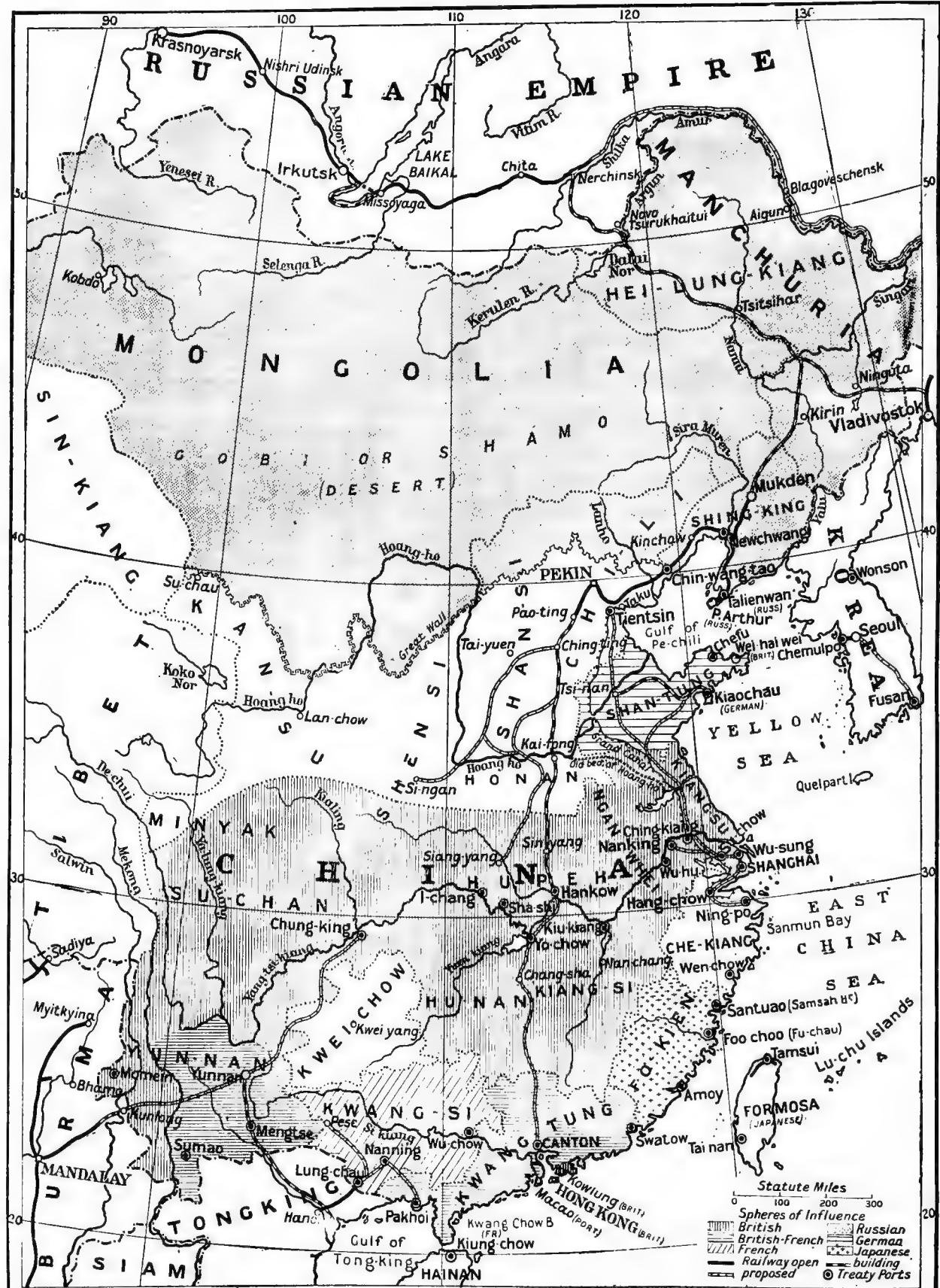
### THE CRYSTAL PALACE LOAN EXHIBITION

AN interesting Loan Collection of Music and Musical Instruments was opened at the Crystal Palace by Sir Arthur Sullivan on Saturday. The Exhibition is well worth seeing, and students will there find a very large collection of wood and reed wind instruments of various ages, together with a large collection of instruments of the violin family, and a small selection of old pianofortes and the precursors of that instrument. Among the historical instruments shown are the Erard piano upon which the Queen had been playing on the evening that she was aroused from her sleep to be told of the death of William IV. and her own accession; the Erard piano which Rubinstein used on his first

appearance at the Philharmonic in 1857, the Erard piano which Liszt used in 1840, an old Erard pianoforte manufactured to the order of Bonaparte for Marie Louise; and a fine old last century mahogany piano of Broadwoods. There are also spinets, virginals, and harpsichords, including a Kirkman harpsichord 150 years old, and a very old Zumpo piano. The instruments shown, in fact, extend from an old shepherd's pipe from the East, such, indeed, as probably was used by the shepherds on the hillside at Bethlehem in the time of our Lord, down to the latest electric pianos of the present day. There are also a very large number of Oriental and other instruments, from China, Thibet, India, Japan, and North and South America, a large collection of portraits and caricatures of eminent musicians, and a special Handel collection, including many playbills, Handel's autograph will, and a complete set of orchestral instruments of Handel's period used by the private band maintained by Sir Samuel Hellier, ancestor of Colonel Shaw Hellier, who was for many years Commandant of Kneeler Hall. With these instruments it will, perhaps, be possible to secure some sort of performance of Handel's music, such as might have been heard by the composer in his own day.

### THE OPERA

M. Jean de Reszké has returned to Covent Garden, and has sung in *Die Meistersinger* and in *Lohengrin*. He, however, is not yet by any means in his old voice, and during the earlier portions of each evening, in fact, he has had so to husband his resources that opera-goers unfamiliar with his method would have had a very poor idea of the beauty of his voice. Towards the end of the evening, when necessity for caution was at an end, however, both in *Die Meistersinger* and in *Lohengrin*, he allowed himself fuller liberty. His acting, of course, is still notable for the charm and dignity of old. *La Tosca* was to be produced on Thursday.





### Our Portraits

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, the British Minister at Peking, is by profession a soldier. He served throughout the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and in the Suakin Expedition of 1884-5. Until 1887 he was attached to the Residency in Cairo. For a year he served as Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, and was then appointed Commissioner on the West Coast of Africa. In 1892 he was made a K.C.M.G., and in 1894 he retired from the Army on his appointment as Minister to China in succession to Sir Nicholas O'Conor. His career in China has been exceedingly busy, and on the whole very successful. He obtained Wei-hai-Wei and the Kowloon extension for Great Britain, together with a long list of railway and mining concessions for British investors. Sir Claude received a K.C.B. in 1898. Lady Macdonald is a daughter of Major Cairns Armstrong, of the 15th Regiment, and widow of Mr. Craigie Robertson, of the Indian Political Service. Our portraits are by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

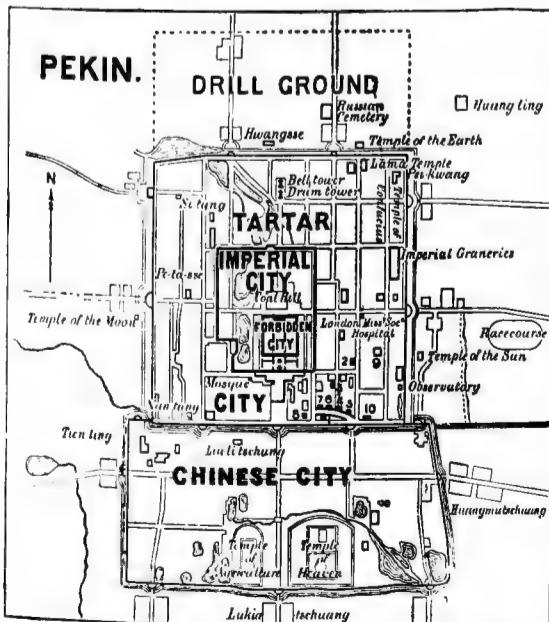
The French Minister at Peking, M. Stephen Pichon, is not a professional diplomatist. He was first a journalist, then a political lecturer, after which he entered the Paris Municipal Council, and later on the Chamber. Having represented a Paris constituency for eight years, he found himself in 1893 without a seat in Parliament. He sought a fresh career in diplomacy, and was appointed in 1894 Minister at Port-au-Prince. Thence he was sent to Rio de Janeiro, and in 1898 he proceeded to Peking with the rank of Minister and the rosette of the Legion of Honour.

M. Pichon is forty-seven years old, and is a political pupil and protégé of M. Clémenceau.

Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, K.C.M.G., was born in 1835, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1855. He commanded the detachment of engineers which accompanied Sir Charles Newton's archaeological expedition to Halicarnassus and Cnidus in 1856-59, and in 1860-61 he conducted an exploring expedition to the Cyrenaica. Both expeditions resulted in valuable additions to the British Museum. In 1863 he went to Persia in command of the engineers employed on the telegraph connecting England and India, and in 1865 he became director of the Persian telegraph at Teheran, a post which he filled with conspicuous ability and success for twenty years. He became a recognised authority on Persian art and antiquities, and devoted much time and labour to the acquisition of the valuable collection of Persian objects now at South Kensington. In 1885 he was appointed director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, which appointment he held for the remainder of his life. In 1887 he was employed on a special diplomatic mission to Persia to adjust certain questions which had arisen with the Shah's Government in relation to the occupation of Jashk, on the Persian Gulf, by British troops. On his return to England, having most successfully accomplished his object, Colonel Murdoch Smith received the K.C.M.G. He retired from the army in 1887 with the rank of Major-General. Our portrait is by R. E. Webster, Edinburgh.

beer. The members have been grumbling amongst themselves for long, but members of clubs are patient, peace-loving persons who object to act decisively, and generally confine themselves to growling. The grievances of the members of Lords found early expression in this column a year ago, but the seat of war has now been changed to the columns of the *Times*, in which raging letters are appearing almost daily. After the Eton and Harrow match at the end of the month the controversy may be expected to become even more hot, for the new buildings will upset most of the old picnic arrangements, and will greatly interfere with the comfort of the women, who only come to Lord's on that occasion. The committee will eventually be forced to retrace some of its steps, and it is generally expected that several of the objectionable stands will have been removed before the cricket season of 1901 commences.

It is curious that many rich men, and many who have titles, have become "special correspondents" during the war in South Africa. Mr. Herbert Weld Blundell, who is acting as special correspondent to the *Morning Post*, is uncle to Lord Lovat, and is a very rich man. He is accompanying Lord Lovat's Scouts, and his first letter to the *Morning Post*, which appeared in that journal on Monday, is written from Heilbron, a detachment of the Scouts having penetrated through the Boer lines and reached that town. Mr. Weld Blundell has devoted much of his time to exploration and excavation, and is a well-known archaeologist.

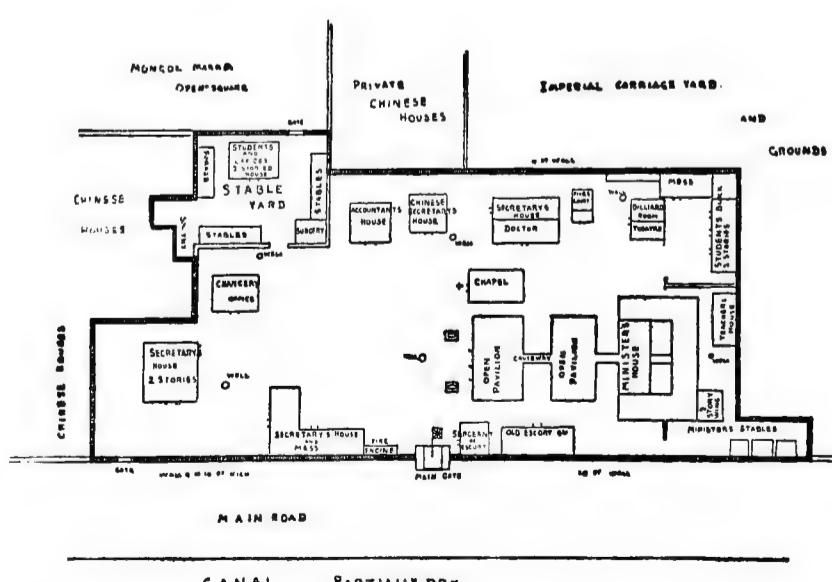


1. German Legation 2. Belgian Legation  
3. British Legation 4. French Legation  
5. Italian Legation 6. Japanese Legation  
7. Spanish Legation 8. United States Legation  
10. American Mission

PLAN OF PEKING

Mr. Riley Lord, Mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mr. George Hare Philipson, Esq., M.D., President University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle, have had the honour of knighthood conferred upon them by the Queen. Our portraits are by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street.

LORD'S Cricket Ground is a plot of land which is dear to many Englishmen, for it is the Mecca of the cricket world. Until recent years Lord's was also a charming club, to which most men belonged who had been educated at Eton or Harrow, or had passed through Oxford or Cambridge. Suddenly Lord's bounded into prosperity; the candidates' books became filled to overflowing with names, and the committee began to build! They have practically surrounded the charming cricket ground with villainous-looking stands, which are suggestive of race-meetings, bookmakers, rabbles, fuses, bad tobacco, worse whisky and stale



The British Legation is situated, with the other foreign Legations, in the Tartar city, on the bank of a canal, not far from the south-east corner of the Imperial city. The compound was originally part of an old Chinese palace, the site having been selected by Sir Frederick Bruce in 1860, when the Legations were first formed in Peking. Since then the place has been adapted and built upon to suit the requirements of the British Government officials and staff, all of whom have their dwellings within the walls, which enclose an area of about six or seven acres.

PLAN OF THE BRITISH LEGATION IN PEKING



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

A Correspondent writes: "One of the Colonial troopers, who was a chess player, and was carrying a little set of ivory chessmen in his haversack, was wounded during the Mounted Infantry reconnaissance to

Brandfort, and was left on the field. When he was found the next day he was dead. He had placed his water bottle on a stone beside him, and one pawn upon it. Only a pawn in the big game of chess was gone"

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

"ONLY A PAWN!"

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## CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK



"Who is this?" says Gellibrand, and one thrust a lanthorn forward"

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE LIGHTNING

The wind, indeed, was falling inch by inch, and the boat made very little progress in the bay. The heavier press of canvas carried by the revenue sloop would tell in the short course they were both pursuing; yet Warburton remembered that Gellibrand knew not the situation of the caves, nor, it may be, of their existence; and was, therefore, likely to make his landing in the tiny harbour and search the homestead. That he carried a warrant for his search, and probably Powis in person, Warburton did not doubt. But he was in some dismay at the thought that he would be overtaken, for he was anxious not to be discovered making for the island at that suspicious hour and so furtively, and above all, he wished none to know in what company he was voyaging; he would have saved his companion from all risks and perils to her name. If Powis was aboard the *Osprey* his own hasty expedition would take on more than the colour of suspicion, and possibly both of them might be arrested—the one on the charge of conspiracy, the other for the purpose of cross-examination on her hapless letter. With all his uncertainty and anxiety Warburton felt a glow of gratitude in his bosom for the magistrate's generous present of the letter; that, at least, was dead and gone, scattered to the wind like ashes.

The dawn crept up the east, spreading behind the hills of the moorland. Marlock lay in a deep well of blackness, unvisited as yet by any growing radiance, but beyond the village unfathomable springs of pale light broadened on the horizon. The breeze dropped ever, the nose of the boat, pointing to the distant cliffs of Lynsea, rose and sank in the gentle waters, dipping with a soft gurgling sound as her rate grew less; and away on the level tract of greyness loomed the pretty figure of the *Osprey*, seeming still and steady, as if

she slept upon the water. Warburton contemplated the chances with a frown. Already the light was growing clearer, and those aboard the revenue boat would soon be able to make out the little skiff, if not its occupants. In their minds there must surely rise a wonder as to who these fly-by-nights might be, and what their mission; and that they were bound for Lynsea would throw grave suspicion on them. In truth Warburton's fears were already gross and swollen with the emotions of that adventure, and presently he put out the oars and began to pull. The wind had sunk into little puffing airs that sent the boat forward in gusts, but those strong arms sufficed to keep the course continuous, and in a little while the cliffs of the island were visible beyond the cape. But already the *Osprey* stood nearer, and the wan light of the approaching sun lay on her sails, so that her spars glistened like silver; but overhead and westward the cast of the sky was livid, leaden and morose. Over the huge shaking mass of the sea the light began to run, and, even like a tide that races down the low sands, the sparkle leapt from wave to wave; and with an incredible swiftness the darkness turned, flying across the face of the water.

The sloop was struck at once into full sight, as by a magic lantern, and from the sloop the boat, four hundred yards away, was as visible as in broad day. A hail sounded across the intervening space, but Warburton, without pause or answer, plied his arms faster; Chloris kept the tiller straight and the prow for the Skittles, among which the sea tossed and sucked audibly scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond them. But presently Warburton stopped in his work.

"The breeze has failed," he said, "she cannot come another yard; but I'll swear she will have her boats out. Mr. Gellibrand is a vigorous young buck."

"We can beat them," said Chloris. "They know not how to steer among the Skittles; they dare not venture."

"True," said he coolly, "but, indeed, neither must we venture thither."

"I know every rock and channel," she burst forth, "I will steer blindfold; the waters of this island cannot hurt me."

"'Tis not that, child," answered Warburton. "'Tis from the sloop our danger falls. At present they are not in pursuit of us; 'tis only wonder made them call us. What have they to suspect in us? Yet they will keep an eye open, and I tell you that if we vanish into the Skittles we shall draw them as safely as if we had revealed our plans. They will wonder and explore. We must land elsewhere, as ordinary passengers."

"I did not think of that," she replied quickly. "You are right. Dear, you are always right." And she altered the course, setting the boat's head towards a piece of sand.

Warburton nodded in approval, and pulled silently. And now what he had prophesied came true, for a boat shot out from the flanks of the sloop, and flew off towards them. Warburton's breath came deeper and with labour as he increased his efforts, for he knew that their only chance was to reach the land before those who would inevitably suspect them and, possibly, detain them. The whole stretch of the bay was now alight, and shining with silver; and in their wake the course of the boat made a black mark, which opened in a gulf of swirling water and bubbled up into placid light again. Warburton's arms felt as though they were being wrenched from their sockets, but he whipped her along, and when the pursuing boat was barely one hundred paces from them, sighed his relief as the nose ground and snarled over the pebbles of the beach. "Out, Chloris," he cried, and, himself setting the example, left the boat



"She was carried along in his irresistible grasp"

high and dry, and disappeared into the bushes that fringed the shore.

"We must make haste," he whispered. "Let 'em pass us somewhere. You must know the island. Where shall we hide?"

She thought for a moment, and then, "I will show you," cried she, and stepping lightly to the fore made off up the slopes of that wooded sea front.

Chloris led the way into a fastness of the grove, where among those shadows of early dawn immitigable darkness reigned behind the bracken and the tall junipers. Every moment now brought an access of fresh light and colour to the earth, and the detail of the grasses sprang out instant by instant. But here, within these walls of soft green gloom, nothing was visible, and only the breaking sounds of the surf were audible in the stillness. Far away a ewe bleated shrill, and the challenge, or the entreaty, was taken up and echoed from the herd upon the hills. The east of the sky was streaked and flushed, barred with crimson and gold, with orange and scarlet; but in the zenith and elsewhere heaven hung like a great black net, threatening over Earth.

"Come," says Warburton after a time, "they must be gone now, and there is no time to lose. The thunder threatens, and the storm will be here in half an hour."

They left their shelter and began to climb again across the hill.

"'Tis darker," observed Warburton, "the clock is put back by that. They have no chance to catch us."

Yet as he spoke a voice called out of the void of the wood hailing them. "Is't you, Cave?" said someone. "I faith, I believe I have mislaid myself. Damme, this island's all woods and hills."

Warburton recognised the voice and would have struck into the darkness about him but for the immediate appearance of the speaker, who was, moreover, accompanied by several others.

"Who is this?" says Gellibrand, and one thrust a lanthorn forward. "By God, Mr. Warburton, what do you here at this hour? 'Tis a lucky meeting. And—but, by Heavens, I did not observe—rip me, a female!"

"Sir," said Warburton with dignity, "'tis a lady I am happy to serve. She was benighted in Marlock, and I ventured to offer my services."



"Twas you that's the traitor!" she exclaimed furiously. "Twas you, Michael Sloan, that betrayed your master's house! Give me a pistol, and she snatched one in a tempest of passion from Warburton's hands, aiming it at the head of the servant"

"As a gentleman, sir, as a gentleman," said the lieutenant promptly. "You could do no less. I envy you the privilege, Mr. Warburton, by God I do."

"Sir," says Warburton angrily, "'tis Miss Carmichael."

The lieutenant started. "Why," said he, "it is, is it? The d—c—e! Miss Carmichael, I crave your pardon. My tongue wags on, but I have a soft heart. I am here on my duty, God forgive me. Mr. Warburton, explain me, damme. I would I had Powis here, who is mightily civil and mighty plausible."

"There is no need to explain, sir," answered Warburton coldly. "No doubt you are here on good reasons, but they have nothing to do with us."

"That is so," assented Gellibrand with relief. "I ask you to remember that, Miss Carmichael. I am here on a good reason. I must do my duty. Lord, 'tis ridiculous, but I must execute orders. Mr. Powis is gone to visit Sir Stephen, madam; he will entertain him, no doubt, with a cock-and-bull tale, and they will laugh together! 'Tis a queer unfavourable time for a visit, but duty—duty! I hope Sir Stephen will laugh, though he is woken so untimely. Gad, I should laugh myself at such suspicions. But I am mum, Mr. Warburton. Hark ye," he whispered aside, "take this precious girl away, and I will tell you something."

Warburton murmured in Chloris's ear, and she withdrew; for he was anxious to know exactly how matters stood between the lieutenant and himself.

"Damme, a monstrous fine girl," commented Gellibrand under his breath. "See has took my fancy, but I interfere with no one's play, not I. You are to be congratulated, sir. Yet, perish me, this is an ugly, ridiculous tale. Do you know why I am here? There is some story of smuggling on the island—whence it comes I know not, but this Nicholas Carmichael is involved—a wild fellow. The military are after him. 'Tis all nonsense, I have no doubt, but you see my devilish position. Ugly, is't not? I would not have that handsome girl know of it, but I feel sure I leave her in safe hands."

"Whither do you go?" asked Warburton.

"I am on the road for my post," returned the lieutenant. "There is a flagstaff, so they tell me. I am set there, while Powis makes search below. It is supposed there is some hiding-place for the contraband; but 'tis damnable nonsense to urge so black an offence against a gentleman and a baronet."

Warburton agreed, and, having learned what he wanted, turned to take his departure. But he on his part must now be subjected to curiosity, and Gellibrand, not unnaturally, desired to know whither he was bound.

"Oh," says Warburton smoothly, "to the house—to Sir Stephen's house. I must fully discharge my mission; the poor child cannot be left."

"Left!" cried Gellibrand. "Faith, I should think not. 'Twould task a heart of iron to desert her, whether she wanted it or not," he chuckled. "I would desert no woman ever, that is if she were fair, and I had not tired of her," he added pensively.

It seemed thus that their roads lay together, and, however reluctant, Warburton dared not refuse the offer of company. Yet he was greatly anxious to shake off this fellow, for time was running on, and soon it would be too late for his enterprise. He bade the lieutenant good-bye on the earliest opportunity, indicating a path. "That is your way, I believe, sir, and mine lies here. I go down, you go up. I wish you luck."

With some few courtesies they parted, Gellibrand pausing to stare after Chloris with unaffected admiration. The growing light increased Warburton's anxiety, for he had no intention of descending into the valley, but waited only till the sailors were out of sight before turning back on his course. This, after some time, he deemed it prudent to do, and, going quickly under the cover of the hollow and bush, succeeded in gaining, with his companion, the landward entrance to the smugglers' cave. Here he came at last to rest.

"You had better wait here, Chloris," said he.

"No, no, I will help you," she protested eagerly.

"You are worn; you must be weary to the bone," he urged.

"I feel it not," she answered. "Let me help, and I will rest."

He made no further opposition to her pleading, but entered the rocky gallery, and, traversing it, emerged into the central cavern with the girl on his heels.

"If I strike a light," he whispered, "can you find the torches?"

She whispered back in the affirmative. "But there will be no one here," she added; "'tis unlikely, for the schooner was to sail last night."

She groped her way out into the huge vault and Warburton's light flared brightly on the darkness. Presently two torches were flaming among the rocks, and Warburton had turned his attention to the barrels of gunpowder which lay stored in great numbers at the back of the cave.

"'Tis very easy," he told Chloris. "We are aided by the very contraband itself. In a little while there will be no cave nor brandy, nor any gunpowder for Boney left." He was hard at work, rolling the kegs into a suitable position, broaching them and laying his heavy train, and the better part of an hour was so absorbed. By that time the black snake was creeping into the gallery which communicated with the world above.

"Sit down, child, and rest," said Warburton, as they emerged, breathless and clammy, into the cooler air of the open heaven. Above the light had grown but little in the last hour, for the sky was charged with black and ominous clouds that lay low on the sea, and crept foot by foot upon them. In the distance the thunder muttered sullenly, and sparks of fire darted on the horizon. The storm was near at hand. The sweat streamed from Warburton's face, which was black and grimy; tall and stalwart, with bare arms, he looked like Vulcan newly escaped from the prisons of the underworld. Overhead shot a flame of lightning, and down fell the thunder.

"'Tis here," he said, "and 'tis time to finish what was well begun and is well done."

Again the sky all about them glowed with fire, so that the summits of Lynsea were illuminated lightly, and stood up bare and bold in the prospect. Warburton uttered a cry which was drowned in the deafening peal that followed, for what he saw in that moment was the flagstaff on the hill, and a body of men moving towards him.

"Up, Chloris, up," he cried. "The time has come. They are advancing this way, and maybe they have some information." At

his word she sprang to her feet, and seizing upon her, he hurried her from the grove of junipers, along a track that descended the ridge towards the valley of the homestead. The flagstaff lay to the north, but scarce a quarter of a mile distant, and Warburton was aware that if he was to fire the mine at all it must be now, and ere the terrible responsibility of those lives were thrust upon him.

"Whither do you take me? Let me stay. Let me stay," moaned Chloris in her weary bewilderment.

Her eyes were open to the black firmament, unheeding, and she was carried along in his irresistible grasp. The pain of her sheer exhaustion spread in her body, which was lapped about with the solace of his touch. "Let me stay," she pleaded.

He set her down, and started swiftly away to the spot in which the granules of powder were aggregated in a tiny heap—the end of the trail, the fount and butt of that deadly conduit. He took a pistol from his belt and primed it carefully. From this point on the highland of Lynsea the ocean was visible, westwards, spread like an inky carpet and almost soundless on that still air; the breath of heaven was hot and seething, and the bellies of the heavy clouds drooped in murk towards him. At that moment, as he stood considering his pistol, and coolly preparing the last details of his plot, a flight of zigzag flashes gleamed and died above him; the sky around roared as with the salvoes of a broadside; his eyes shot instinctively in the direction of the flagstaff, and fell on the body of men descending the hill; they moved like gnats, infinitely little, but bright under that flash, the blue and gold upon their coats shining to him in that blind dawn as sharp and vivid as if it were broad day and he within six feet. Warburton had judged the distance to be great enough, even allowing for the advance they would make ere the magazine of kegs were reached. He lifted his pistol deliberately to the casks.

Above and abroad and all about him of a sudden flared a white and horrible fire; its passage was so hot and dazzling as to blind his eyes; a sensation of fascination, mingled with unnatural terror, shuddered through him; he reeled under a stroke, and, staggering, cast up his arms as if to ward off a blow from his body—and then in an instant into his ears poured the thunder of a thousand heavens; the earth rocked from edge to edge, quivering like a frightened fawn; then he knew that he was upon his back, his dazed eyes staring upward, where the dust was lit with livid fires, and spume and smoke, as if belched from hell, rose and assailed the stars.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HOW CHLORIS CAME HOME

CHLORIS sat still in her refuge, listening with every sense of her body for news of the mine. The sky rattled about her in thunder, and she bent forward, straining her ears, as if she feared that in these inclement noises she would lose the sound of that imminent explosion. She counted the seconds with her breath, with the in-drawing and outgoing of her bosom, and with each halitus she seemed to herself to anticipate what she expected and hear what she feared. But when next the lightning flamed she was aware simultaneously, as it appeared, of an appalling blow that struck the drums of her ears, and sent her reeling in her seat. The earth shook as though it were jelly, and the whole face of the sky was obscured and darkened. As she clung to the bushes in terror, there seemed to return from out the open wilderness of sea echoes of that terrible explosion; noises of falling earth rumbled back upon her, and the prospect was covered with dust and sand. Then followed a grave stillness, in which recovering her memory of what had happened, she rose with a fresh terror, a growing dread for Warburton's safety.

The heavens suddenly opened and the rain streamed down in a sheet, running in waterfalls down the hill-side, and gathering in pools within the hollows. Chloris ran out of her shelter on fast and trembling feet, into this tumultuous rain, and the lamentable dawn. About her, seen dimly through the thick curtain of the storm, the strange and grotesque appearance of the hills bewildered her; Nature had put on an unfamiliar aspect; boulders of great size were strewn everywhere, and masses of earth rose as it had been from new and deep excavations. The contour of the world was changed; yet, guided by some instinct, she succeeded in reaching the spot by what had been the entrance to the cavern. The light had insensibly quickened as the sun rose higher behind the thunder-storm, and a certain diffuse glow illuminated the rain. Suddenly she saw him, prone on his back, his eyes to the thunder, and, to her senses, staring, dead and glazed. She stooped and pulled him to her, uttering a cry as a woman that is bereaved of her child, and Warburton's eyes unclosed.

"'Tis done," said he, "but 'twas not I—'twas the hand of Providence."

Joyfully she assisted him to rise, and helped him to go slowly inland. She was amazed to find him alive, amazed, and amazingly radiant. She cared not a whit for caves or thunder, or rain, nor for the officers of the law that were pursuing the vengeance of the law. Yet Warburton recollects them. He was stiff and soaked to the skin, his hands and shoulders were scorched and singed with the gunpowder; but he had escaped all else, and suffered only from the great shock.

"They were approaching fast," he said, almost to himself, and, coming to a pause, "when I looked last they were very near. Has the lightning spared them?"

"What care I? What does it matter?" she said impatiently. "Let us go forward. I must get you away."

He put her aside, moving his face towards the flagstaff, but no sound reached him out of the rain save only the rain. "Maybe they all are dead there," said he, and turned to go upwards in that direction.

"You shall not; I will not suffer it," she said, pulling him back.

Warburton roughly set her aside. "I will, silly creature," he said. "Leave me alone. You shall not interfere. Lord, child, did you think that you could control me? I will go and see if those men be dead or dying."

She made no resistance any longer, but followed him. The rain beat like wind upon the hills, and every hollow ran like a river for the angry sea below; the light broadened on the face of the world, disclosing far off the steps of the moorland across the dunes, and

white sails upon the water in the west. When they reached the summit of the hill the flagstaff was still visible, wet and gaunt, and near by a group of huddled men, cowering as it seemed under the rocks from the flail of the storm.

"They are safe," says Warburton.

He stood against the full light of the morning under the intolerable deluge, and the eyes of the party went up towards the two. Warburton laughed. "'Tis Gellibrand and his sailors. Let 'em take us if they can," said he, and turned to go downwards but was arrested by the appearance of a man in his path.

It was the Justice of the Peace, soaked to the skin, his black hair streaming from its queue, and his hat a mere piece of pulp on his head, but his manner was the same as when he parted with Warburton several hours before.

"'Tis you, then, Mr. Warburton," he said without emotion or surprise. "Indeed, I thought I recognised you from the sloop. You are astir early, and in foul weather."

"My business would not wait, sir," answered Warburton bluntly.

Mr. Powis looked towards the sailors of the *Osprey*, and then, "Come," said he, "which way do you go? At least let us shelter somewhere. You have a lady in your company," and through the rain he bowed and scraped civilly towards Chloris.

"I go not down there," said Warburton, nodding towards the group.

"Well," says Powis speedily, "I am not impatient to be there. But let us seek some cover for the lady."

Warburton hesitated. He had the thought momentarily to thrust this small man aside, and stride when he could, ere Gellibrand and his men might be summoned to the spot. Something sinister in the persistence of the magistrate irritated him, and he was, indeed, in no mood to be gentle. But a secondary consideration bade him pause, for he reflected that if it should come to a struggle with the justice that ridiculous affair would be more easily achieved out of sight and in some covert place. He made his assent, therefore, and, turning with his companion, took Chloris's hand, and went about for a neighbouring piece of wood. Within this retreat they were protected against the assaults of the rain, and enjoyed, moreover, a little quiet in which to talk. This wood was a little patch of stillness in the raining world, outside which the light rose slowly, and the thunder of the rain was on the leaves.

The two men faced one another, resolution in the bearing of one, and a certain gravity stamped upon the other's countenance.

"I regret, Mr. Warburton, that this lady has been so exposed to such a storm," began Powis; "'tis most unfortunate."

Warburton acknowledged the civility with a curt bow.

"I thank you, sir," said he, "but the lady stands in need of no sympathy."

"Indeed, is that so?" said the magistrate slowly, but in a queer voice, as one who heeds not what he says, but speaks in an abstraction. "Well, well, she is the first of her kind, the very first of her kind, my dear sir."

"Sir, pray pardon us if we must leave you now," said the younger man abruptly.

"You would leave me?" said Powis thoughtfully, "you would go down to the house, I suppose? 'Tis to pay a visit to Sir Stephen you are here—you and the lady? That, I regret, was not my mission, which was most distressing. You have heard, maybe, sir, that there is a warrant taken against Mr. Carmichael. It is on that business I am here," and he glanced towards Chloris, who sat veiled in her cloak and shrinking in the shadow.

"I have heard," said Warburton curtly, for he could not understand to what his companion was coming, and he grew uneasy.

"I came to catch Nicholas Carmichael," went on Mr. Powis, "and I have failed. It seems that he is not here."

Warburton was aware that this studious rehearsal of the position could not be intended for his instruction, and it dawned on him with amazement that it must be aimed at Chloris. What was the magistrate's object? If Chloris had been recognised, why was she not claimed for examination on her letter?

"It would seem ridiculous, sir, that a gentleman of Mr. Carmichael's position should be guilty of breaking the law," he observed at length.

"It would seem as ridiculous, sir, as if Sir Stephen himself were so charged," replied the justice.

Warburton gazed on him sharply, and there was a movement under Chloris's cloak; but for a time there was silence between them, a silence which remained until Powis himself resumed, equably enough. "It would seem ridiculous if there were no evidence; but there is much witness to it, I fear."

"What witness is that?" asked Warburton, who would have had him declare himself once and for all time on his intentions.

"Mr. Warburton, you will pardon me," said the justice, "but there are some matters which go beyond the topics of common talk. Yet this I may tell you, that where many are confederates, not all shall hold a discreet silence. Nay, there may even be one who seeks opportunity to reveal his knowledge."

"There is none, sir, who has done this," said Warburton sharply, and making almost a minatory gesture. "You will remember that, sir. Have a care."

Mr. Powis was not discomposed. "I will confess I had my doubts," he said quietly, "until the last hour."

Warburton was silent, considering, for he now began to doubt if the magistrate's words had been directed at Chloris. "You have had some information?" he inquired, and suddenly remembered the interrupted advance of the sailors towards the cavern. "Some one gave you information recently," he added quickly.

"True, Mr. Warburton," said Powis coolly, and moving as if to break off the conversation, "and very soon I shall know the result. Indeed, I doubt not that the news is already in the hands of Mr. Gellibrand, yonder."

A grim look gathered on Warburton's face. "Then I am honoured, sir, by your confidence because you deemed me to have an interest in this matter?" he asked. Of a truth he felt very warmly drawn to the magistrate, who had taken these pains, as he now realised, in order to intimate that he could do without Chloris as a witness.

"The interest of one who does us the honour to dwell on our coast for a summer month," rejoined the magistrate politely.

Warburton's face was grimmer than ever; he could already see Sir Stephen and Nicholas delivered over to justice.

"Faith," said he, "I doubt if your honour is not too late."

"What is't you mean?" asked the other curiously.

"Tut, tut," says Warburton. "Mr. Gellibrand is a laggard. I would I could, have warned him. He is anticipated." Mr. Powis's eyes interrogated him. "There has been a storm, sir," he said.

"I observe it," said the magistrate dryly. "I have been witness to it at this moment."

"Sir, a storm may damage the face of nature," remarked Warburton.

The magistrate considered deeply. "Mr. Warburton, it is possible that in those cliffs by the Skittles there are caves," he said.

"Were, sir, were," remarked the younger man.

Without changing colour or turning of a hair Powis assented the question. "As you remark, were; but the change of time, sir, is the achievement of nature—I assume—the convulsion of her forces."

"Damme, there was lightning enough" said Warburton.

"True, true; but you remind me of my duty. I must examine this phenomenon. The cavern is gone, you say. Well, but there remains the witness. 'Tis a pity that nature should so significantly conspire to aid the unlawful; but there remains the witness."

"What witness?" demanded Warburton boldly and defiantly. The justice's gaze passed over his face. "That is my affair, sir, and none of anyone else's. But I fear this lady is weary. She is sodden with the rain, and should be taken forthwith to some house."

"This lady, sir, is under my care and guidance," said Warburton.

Mr. Powis bowed. "I am sure that you will protect and guide her well," he said courteously, and moved away. But Warburton caught him by the arm.

"Whither do you go and for what?" he asked.

"To arrest Nicholas Carmichael for an offence against His Majesty and country," returned the justice in a voice of new sternness and authority.

"And Sir Stephen?" exclaimed Warburton, whilst the cloak that hid the woman once more stirred and trembled.

For a moment there was a pause, and then came the justice's answer. There is no suspicion rests on Sir Stephen," he said in a tone which was oddly soft. "We shall not trouble him."

With these words he left, and went over the hill where the day was some stronger and the rain was now abated. Warburton and Chloris resumed their journey to the homestead.

"They have found some traitor," said he; "there is someone who has told of the cave, and your brother's fate is sealed."

"Let him perish," she said with animation; "he seeks your life," and, turning swiftly on him, "Oh, my love," she murmured in agitation, "what am I? I am the sister of assassins. Get you hence."

Warburton laughed. "No shadow of shame shall touch you. What can they prove against Nicholas? I believe that this family will go scot-free. Did you not hear? They will not trouble Sir Stephen."

She made no answer, for in her agile mind floated suspicions, fears, and a shame at his blunt speech, yet he was unable to follow her thoughts. He had set his will to secure the safety of her house, and nothing but that task was in his thoughts. So they came down together from the heights upon the back of the garden.

The interval which had passed in this descent had changed the appearances of the sky and the sea. The heavy wrack had laboured away, and with it the sultry air, a cool breeze started out of the west, and blew stronger every moment, carrying in its breath the balm and fragrance of the ocean. Below the park smiled under the soft sun, and the rain upon the green trees mirrored back the rays in a thousand flashes and sparklings; the garden seemed to be alight with radiance, and to tremble with the sunshine. Before the house sang the breeze in the tamarisks, and again, below them, the sea foamed on the pebbles as white foam in the glass. The doors of the house even at that early hour stood open, and the windows were wide to the air; it had the look of some hospitable and untenanted pleasure-house that invited the wayfarer with its silent lures. Chloris quickened her foot and ran down the slope, a creature of redundant vitality, even after that long and melancholy night. She stood in the gateway, her skirts swaying in the breeze, and the poplars rippling in the sunlight.

"You shall stay here," she said to Warburton with eager animation. "You have done such a generous service to this house that you are owed a proper welcome, and I will prepare it for you."

She would have thrust him back with her hands, half fondly and part imperiously, but he grinned sardonically.

"Indeed, I am like enough to meet a warm reception, I will admit," he said.

"You are wrong, you are wrong; you are bitter and cruel," she said passionately. "I will prepare your way; I am a Carmichael and they will not dispute me; my father shall recognise the truth."

Warburton shrugged his shoulders, and contemplated her indifferently; he had done his work; Nicholas Carmichael was still at large, and he had Powis's word that Sir Stephen would not be touched. There the matter ended, and he was not at all disposed to enter the house of his enemy as a friend and ally.

"Get you in to your home, child," he said. "I must leave you here."

"Leave me!" she echoed in dismay, and then pitifully, "Whither go you? You are not going away!"

"I have myself to take care of," he answered grimly.

"You shall come; you are safe with me," she exclaimed angrily, and seized his arm. Warburton smiled, and patted her head.

"'Tis a devil," he said, and indulgently obeyed her. The weariness of the night's work bore him down, and he was wet and hungry; the body answered not to the plucking of the spirit. The two stepped across the threshold of the hall.

"They are awake betimes," said Chloris, and raised the hollow music of the gong. There was no answer, but from the cool shadows of the interior ticked forth a slow, invisible clock.

"'Tis strange," said she. "They have been disturbed by the storm, and are all sixes and sevens. You are hungry, dear heart, and must be fed."

Again she drummed on the gong, and when the dismal echoes

had died away a sound was audible, breaking across the miserable and empty silence. It was the clicking of a latch, and a man's face looked out from a chamber at the bottom of the hall.

"Sloan!" called the girl in a tone of authority. "Where is your wit, Sloan, that you answered not before?"

"Is't yourself, mistress?" asked the man in an Irish brogue, and stole half-way across the hall, eyeing Warburton anxiously. He was a thin, elderly, naked-faced fellow, with small darting eyes.

"I want some food, Sloan, for this gentleman," commanded Chloris.

Sloan fidgetted upon his legs. "'Tis the master's enemy," he whispered hoarsely. "Sure, 'tis he that Mr. Nicholas is for to kill."

"Do as I bid," said Chloris fiercely. "'Tis a gentleman that has done us great service, and honours this house by his presence."

The man retreated, with suspicion gleaming out of his rodent face.

"'Tis no easy part to be getting food this morning," he protested, "for the serving-maids is all gone, and there is none about the house but me, Miss Chloris."

"Gone!" said his mistress. "Whither gone, indeed? Is't a small noise and the lights of heaven frightened a house-full?"

"'Twas not that," he replied, and said no more, keeping his glance on Warburton.

"You had a visitor this dawn!" said Chloris, quickly, recalling their encounter with Powis.

"We did that," responded the man-servant. "'Twas a magistrate. He was looking for Mr. Nicholas, but he did not find him; so he went away."

The girl turned on him swiftly, with a sharp fire in her

eyes. "Who was it told the magistrate of the caves?" she demanded.

The man made no noise, but turned a greenish white colour, stirring helplessly on his feet.

"'Twas you that's the traitor," she exclaimed furiously. "'Twas you, Michael Sloan, that betrayed your master's house. Give me a pistol," and she snatched one in a tempest of passion from Warburton's hands, aiming it at the head of the servant, with every feature in her face eloquent of madness. The man cowered, and held up his arm as if to ward the shot from his face.

"I am no traitor," he said piteously; "'twas no harm that I did."

Warburton stepped forward, and with a jerk of his hand sent up the barrel of the pistol, and the report rang out through the hall. Chloris stared, and then put her open hands over her face with a sob. "God forgive me; 'tis not I that should wreak justice on a traitor—not I—not I."

She turned away, and went towards the door out of which Sloan had issued, but unexpectedly the man darted forward and stood before her.

"Not there, not there; ye shall not go in there, Mistress Chloris," he shivered. "For the love of God, go not there!"

"Stand aside," said the girl, stamping her foot. "For love of the Holy Mother!" pleaded Sloan. "'Tis not for you, honey."

Chloris brushed past him and pushed the door open. The room was the library, in which Sir Stephen Carmichael had been wont to sit, and here he sat for the last time, his face turned to the wall, blind eyes upon vacancy, and every member of his body still and rigid.

(To be concluded)



Cream crepe de Chine over pale pink silk, Guipure bolero, with revers of white silk muslin, and caught together in front by a jabot and rosettes of lace. The bodice is thickly tucked, and the sleeves are slightly gathered at the shoulders and finished off by muslin bands. Skirt pleated on the hips, with ornaments of lace insertion in Louis XV style mounted over white silk muslin. Rubens hat trimmed with lace, feathers, and a bouquet of flowers under the brim.

AFTERNOON COSTUME



John Charlton  
1900

The fight at Sanna's Post, twenty miles from Bloemfontein, was the result of a cleverly planned ambush by the Boers. A force consisting of the Composite Regiment, 10th Hussars, some Mounted Infantry, and the Q and V Batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, had fallen back

from Thaba Nchu after being joined by the advanced post from Ladybrand, and had camped at Sanna's Post to protect the waterworks there. Awakened at dawn the next day by heavy shell fire the convoy was hastily unspanned and despatched to the west towards Bloemfontein

with the Horse Artillery. Meanwhile the Mounted Infantry and Cavalry lined a ridge to cover the retirement. The convoy had scarcely proceeded three hundred yards, and the men were still engaged in eating their breakfast, when the enemy opened fire from a donga in

front, eighty yards from the head of the convoy. The rifle fire was deadly. Scenes of confusion followed, the mules and oxen plunging and kicking out in all directions. The teams of four gns, their drivers being shot, stampeded out of action.

## AN AMBUSH: FOUR DRIVERLESS TEAMS STAMPEDING OUT OF ACTION

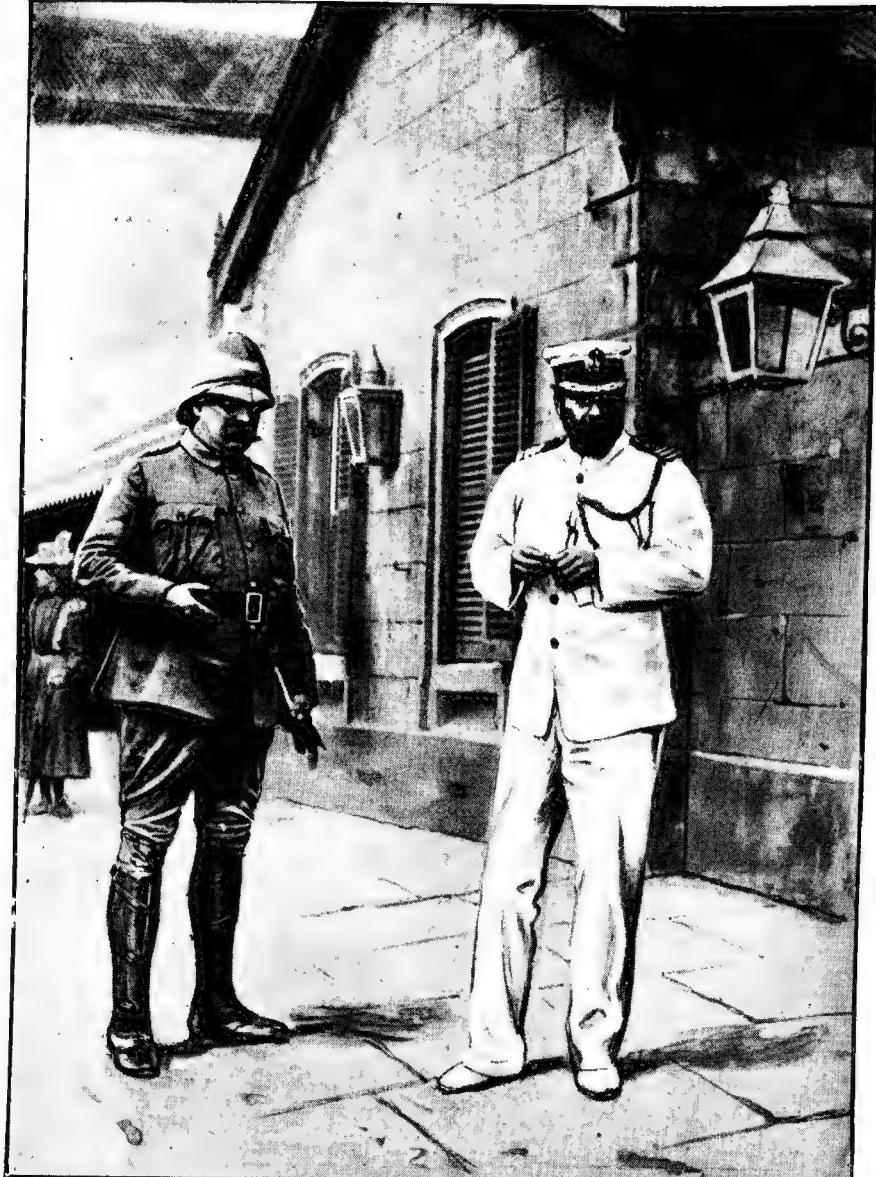
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

## Paddy-Tommy

By ONE WHO HAS COMMANDED HIM

As in the case of the stage Irishman, an atmosphere of conventionality clings about the Irish soldier. We all know that he is brave, jovial, reckless, and comical; these broad lights are as true of him as of most other members of his picturesque nationality. But those who have commanded Irish soldiers, as I had the honour of doing for many years, miss from the portrait many little sidelights more or less peculiar to the sitter as a fighting man. Honouring the gallant fellow as I do from the very bottom of my heart, I propose to supply some of these additional illuminants, in the hope of making his qualities better understood. As regards pluck, to begin with, there is no difference between Paddy-Tommy and John-Tommy, or Andrew-Tommy; if properly led, all three will "go anywhere and do anything." But, whereas the English private requires the heat of action to boil up his combativeness, while the Scotch addresses himself to tough work with a cool mind, their Hibernian comrade becomes wild with fighting emotion before a single shot is fired. Fighting is, to his mind, the sweetest pleasure in life; it is this craving which, during peace times, makes Irish battalions somewhat troublesome in quarters. The staid monotony of barrack routine palls upon them; as one of my Irish lads once pleaded when brought before me for riotous conduct, "Sure, yer hanner, we bhoys'd fairly go mad without a bit of a ruction now and again to make things lively." English and Scotch soldiers, on the contrary, content themselves with such pleasures as come to hand; they are fairly satisfied with the mill-horse round which grates on the buoyant temperament of Paddy-Tommy. When I exchanged from the first regiment in which I held a commission, several of my dear Irish lads got transferred to my new corps. As it happened, only few of their nationality were in its ranks, the overwhelming majority being English and Scotch. These prided themselves, with good reason, on the reputation for exemplary conduct in quarters which the regiment had built up. But what said Phelim O'Toole to me one day? "Begorra, sor, it's wishing we were back again in the old Tigers, we bhoys are!" "Why?" "Well, yer hanner, there's niver a bit of liveliness nowadays; it isn't living we are, but just hanging on to save funeral expenses."

Acting on the excitable Irish temperament, this longing for liveliness undoubtedly gives trouble to commanding officers in peace



This photograph (by W. S. Gillard, Simonstown) was taken at Simonstown Railway Station when some of the *Powerful's* men were leaving. Among those to see them off were Colonel McCalmont, in command of the Warwickshires, and Captain Prothero, of H.M.S. *Doris*, who was wounded at Graspan

THE SISTER SERVICES: A SNAPSHOT AT SIMONSTOWN

times. But when war breaks out the little weakness disappears; even to the ingenuous mind of Paddy-Tommy, the fierce excitement of battle supplies the one ingredient required to round off a military career with complete happiness. Like that gallant

Irishman, Lord Gough, he particularly relishes "cold steel;" a man-to-man fight, with equal weapons, brings home to him pleasant memories of his native land and its customs. But if the enemy prefers a game of long bowls, Paddy-Tommy readily accommodates himself to the whim, odd as it appears to his eyes, and consents to regard a *few d'cifer* of shot and shell as a fairly lively "diversion." It is not true, as some have stated, that the Irish soldiers are exceptionally liable to give way to despondency when defeated. As in the case of their English and Scotch comrades, the elation of anticipated victory is naturally replaced by the depression of spirits consequent upon bitter disappointment, but I absolutely deny that there is any difference between them in that respect. Being of a more excitable and sanguine temperament, Paddy-Tommy may be more liable to count his chickens before they are hatched, but during those weary months, on the scorching Ridge outside Delhi, he bore the terribly trying ordeal with splendid fortitude and patience.

It is a common but most erroneous belief that the Irish soldier loves strong potations "not wisely but too well." Regimental punishment records seem, I admit, to endorse this imputation; drunkenness bulks more conspicuously, I believe, among minor offences in Irish regiments than in English or Scotch. But that is easily to be accounted for. When Paddy-Tommy gets a drop of drink on board, he must needs distinguish himself in one way or another; his innate liveliness forbids him from returning quietly to barracks, to sleep off the effects of his intemperance, as English and especially Scotch soldiers do after they have passed out of the recruit stage. I remember once hearing the commanding officer of a Highland corps "telling off" a strapping laddie brought before him for drunkenness. When the accused admitted the soft impeachment, his judge passed a sharp sentence, with the accompanying remark, "Private Macpherson, you have been long enough in the regiment to know that although drunkenness is, under any circumstances, inexcusable, detection makes it far worse." It was this same gallant officer who intimated to me his conviction that if the battalion were roused out of bed on St. Andrew's night, a large proportion of the men would be unable to walk straight, although all had retired to rest quite peacefully. It should also be remembered that very little drink affects the Hibernian warrior; he cannot carry his tipple as quietly as most English and all Scotch soldiers manage to do. It was, I think, at the capture of Lucknow that three privates, one of each nationality, came across a drink shop and helped themselves to its contents.

At quite an early stage of this blissful enjoyment, the Irishman dashed away, shouting "Faugh a Ballagh," and behaved like a lunatic. The others remained drinking; finally, the Englishman went to sleep among the empty bottles, while the Scotchman,



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

An idea of the difficulties of transport in South Africa is gained by this illustration, which shows some wounded from No. 23 Field Hospital on the road to Bloemfontein. A wagon is capable of carrying

about a dozen men, and each wagon requires a team of a dozen oxen. The animals are kept up to their work and controlled by Kaffirs, who carry the long whips which are characteristic of the native drivers

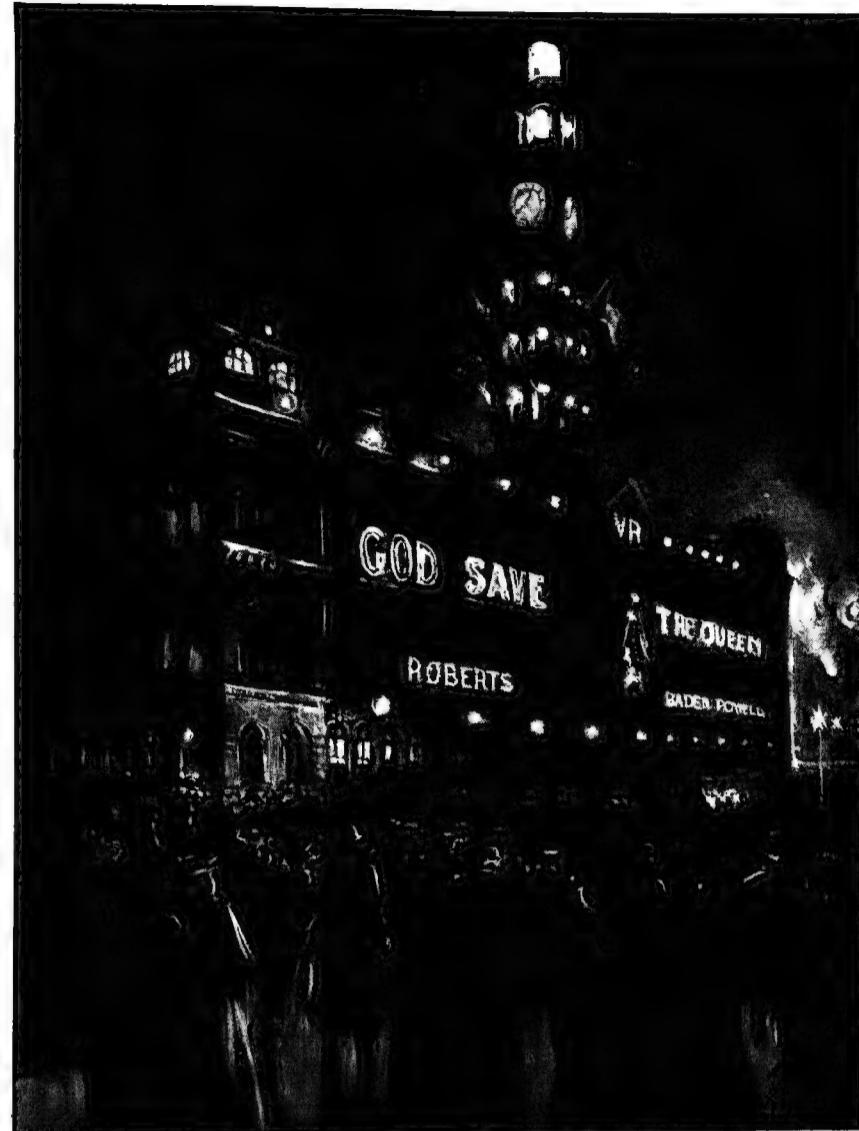
THE TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED: ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL AT BLOEMFONTEIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A MEDICAL OFFICER

after concealing a full one on his person, slowly entered back to camp, very careful of his footsteps.

In the matter of physique, there is no question whatever that Ireland supplies the finest recruits in proportion to population. The old 87th Foot, the Connaught Rangers, and the Royal Irish covered more ground on parade than any other regiments in the Army, excepting the Guards, and also overtopped them largely in average height. Nor was this appearance of superior strength deceptive; although big men are not, as a rule, so fit for long marches as the medium sized, the Irish soldier is an exception. Towards the end of the Indian Mutiny, I had to make a forced march with a three-company detachment, from Meerut to Delhi, where a dangerous plot had been discovered. We were ordered to push on with all possible speed, only halting now and again for meals, and as the men were soft-footed owing to lack of marching practice, it may be imagined that the detachment was in sore plight when it reached the Imperial city after its thirty-five miles march. But my company, composed almost wholly of Irish lads, suffered far less than either of the others; so much so that our chief warmly congratulated the men on their good condition, and perhaps some of us would have willingly dispensed with the compliment—at once told us off for picket duty. On many other occasions I have had evidence to the same effect; no matter how ridiculous a day's march may be, Paddy-Tommy keeps up his spirits to the end, and will never admit that he feels tired, while one always knows when an Irish corps is coming along by the blitheness of the men as they march at ease. On the forced march from Meerut to Delhi just mentioned, I offered a mount on my pony to a poor limping fellow, whose feet had given way so badly that the blood was leaking out of his ill-fitting boots. Despite the pain he was suffering, he conjured up a comical look and declared that he was getting along quite comfortably. "Some of them English chaps might be glad of the loan, yer hanner," he exclaimed, with a thrust of his chin towards the men who were trudging along by his side.

There are, however, occasions when Paddy-Tommy gives way to severe depression. Should any bad epidemic lay hold of his regiment, it wrings his heart to see one old comrade after another drop out of the ranks. The Dead March seems to sound for ever in his ears; his gay spirits are gone, and he soon gives rein to panic-fears about his own coming death. During a terrible outbreak of Asiatic cholera at the Indian station where I



A Correspondent writes:—"The memory of the scene which the streets of Sydney presented on Mafeking night will live long in the minds and hearts of those who witnessed it. From end to end the city was a blaze of light. Everyone who could afford it had some especial means of illumination. Transparencies of the Queen, Lord Roberts, and the hero of Mafeking were shown at frequent intervals. The public buildings, banks, large insurance societies, newspaper offices and tradesmen's premises were resplendent with light, many of them being similarly illuminated as on the occasion of the Jubilee celebrations."

MAFEKING DAY AT SYDNEY: ILLUMINATIONS AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

was quartered, I discovered that some of my Irish lads really imagined the advent of a banshee, or rather of a whole flight. Ghosts of sorts were also said to prowl about barracks towards midnight. One sentry actually deserted his post because he could not get rid of a particularly gruesome spectre, and made that his defence when brought to book. In short, I would not guarantee the Irish soldier's courage if, instead of fighting Boers in the flesh, he had to tackle their spirits. On the other hand, even corporal punishment had no terror for him; he would take the full fifty lashes with quite good humour, as all in the day's work. I remember one fine fellow in my company who, after being thus dealt with for habitual drunkenness, and having his scored back medically treated, hurried back to take part in a "putting" match previously arranged. Instead of shewing any grudge against me, as a member of the court-martial by which he had been tried and sentenced, Private Muldoon heartily wished "more power to yer hanner's elbow" every time it came to my turn to "put" the 18lb. shot. And when our side won, hands down, he and I beamed on one another, while he whispered, "The big drummer let me off easily this time, captain, ye'll be glad to hear."

One more pleasant trait of character—that of his innate and instinctive chivalrousness towards women and children—must be mentioned, to give finish to this attempt at portraiture. I cannot recollect a single instance to the contrary; undeviating and often self-sacrificing tenderness for the weak is, indeed, Paddy-Tommy's dominant characteristic. He will willingly fetch and carry for any woman, whilst he makes himself a veritable slave to his married comrades' children. If he has any money in his pocket—it rarely happens, nor does his saving's bank account bulk largely as a rule—the odds are that he will spend the greater portion on presents for his young friends, should he happen to come across any before his cash has flown. One of these warm-hearted lads once excused his spendthrift habits on the ground that "the chilfer, poor little craytures, be always wanting something or other, and who's to give it them, yer hanner, if I don't?" It was a perfectly true defence; my colour-sergeant assured me that the happy-go-lucky scamp denied himself in many ways to save money for the delectation of his juvenile tyrants. Such, then, are some of the leading attributes of Paddy-Tommy; Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Mulvany" is correct portraiture in some respects, but there is rather too much of Lumas's "Athos" in it to satisfy the requirements of realism.



One of the greatest attractions of the Exhibition is the Hall of Illusions. This consists of an octagonal room with an arched roof supported by pillars in the angles of the room. The space of the wall between each group of pillars is one vast mirror. The effect of the multiple reflections when the room is lit up

from the roof by electric lights of various colours is extraordinarily brilliant, and gives the appearance of gazing down vast illuminated arcades

THE HALL OF ILLUSIONS IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION

DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON



ALICE ANTOINETTE DE LA MAR ABOUT THE AGE OF 5.

JAN VAN BEERS

PHOTO BY BRAUX, CLEMENT AND CO.

"ALICE ANTOINETTE DE LA MAR AT THE AGE OF FIVE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAN VAN BEERS

## New Novels

## "QUEEN WASP"

TRUE and natural feeling, inspiring absurd conduct under improbable circumstances, constitute the leading motive of "Queen Wasp" (Digby, Long and Co.), as of all Miss Jean Middlemass's stories. It is for her knowledge of hearts that her readers have willingly pardoned her strange notions of what is likely to happen, and of what, granting such probability, people would be in the least likely to do. Thus the relations of Lady Bee Joliffe (who is not to be mistaken for Queen Wasp) to her husband are worked out very well indeed: having married a vulgar and evidently rather unscrupulous speculator for his wealth, she imagines herself able to substitute loyalty for affection, and

sacrifices her own pride and her sister's heart in a way that would have been impossible had she perceived that what she mistook for duty to a non-existent scoundrel was, in reality, the steady growth of love for a man whose heart was as sound and straight as —after the manner of Miss Middlemass's creations—his brains were foggy and his conduct queer. Lady Bee's letting herself be blackmailed by the veritable Queen Wasp is, no doubt, imbecile; but it serves to bring about a necessary entanglement, and may, therefore, be thrown into the aforesaid general pardon. And the same may be said of the actions of everybody in the novel, from beginning to end.

## "FATE THE FIDDLER"

"To join the finest aristocracy of men—to be a Squatter." No doubt; and therefore it is hardly fair for Mr. Herbert C.

MacIlwaine, having started his "Fate the Fiddler" (Archibald Constable) with so high an appreciation, to illustrate it by the portraiture of our Australian aristocrat as a murderous ruffian, and of another as a fraudulent scoundrel. The Squatter, who does bear out the dictum, is only saved from the utmost depth of ruin by a discovery of gold which enables him to dispose at a high figure as mutton of sheep that had become unmarketable as producers of wool. In short, the novel is not encouraging to enterprising young men who think to conquer luck by hard work, high character, and the entire total of the merits that do not include a genius for bluff or the control of capital. The author, pessimism apart, is obviously well acquainted with the life he depicts in all its aspects, financial as well as industrial; and it must be ascribed to his subject rather than to any wilful disregard of the recognised canons of fiction that nothing feminine enters his

PASTORAL PLAYS AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS: "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," ACT II. SCENE 1.

A series of pastoral plays has been given at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, by Mr. Ben Green's Company, one of these being *Love's Labour's Lost*



pages until nearly fourteen chapters have been finished out of thirty. In the same connection, the powerfully described effect of mental and social isolation in the bush upon a young Englishman of ordinary culture and refinement, should prepare those who think of facing it that it implies more formidable perils even than clogged fleeces and accounts irreparably overdrawn.

## “LIFE’S TRIVIAL ROUND”

Miss Rosa N. Carey's "Life's Trivial Round" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a prettily written, gently sympathetic story of domestic interest—or, if interest be too strong a word, of something as near to it as the simplest domesticity will allow. In short, the tale is as blameless as the amiable young people with whom it is concerned.

## Two Royal Weddings

A DOUBLE wedding always arouses extra interest, but when the sister-brides are Princesses and both the bridegrooms heirs to



PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM

DUCHESS ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA

ert of Belgium, only son of the Comte de Flandre and nephew of King Leopold, owes his position as heir presumptive to the early deaths of the Belgian Sovereign's only son and his own elder brother, Prince Baudoin. Afflicted by deafness, the Comte de Flandre will never take the Crown, so that Prince Albert will succeed at his uncle's death. King Leopold and the Comte have long been anxious for their heir to marry—he is now twenty-five—but Prince Albert meant to marry for love, not policy, and was difficult to please.

however, he met the Duchess Elisabeth in Vienna, and falling in love with her, he married her.



**DUCHESS GABRIELLE OF BAVARIA**

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

EVENTS in China continue to preoccupy the mind of the House of Commons. The Lords, with hereditary freedom from emotion, bear the situation calmly. Lord Salisbury comes and goes unburdened to the necessity of making reply to eager questioners. In the Commons questions are numberless, habitually ending up with one by which the Leader of the Opposition draws from Mr. Brodrick a summary of the latest information. As a rule the Ministerial statement adds nothing to the information of the reader of the morning papers. Like the rest of the world the Foreign Office is cut off from communication with Peking.

Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett has come again persistently to the front, peppering Mr. Brodrick with questions designed to pierce the veil of Foreign Office relations with the Powers. The Sheffield Knight, ever distrustful of Russia, is convinced that the Tsar has been an obstacle in the way of giving Japan a free hand to deal with the "Boxers." It is probable that for once in a way he is on the right tack. But the representative of the British Foreign Office is not to be drawn into admissions that might give offence.

As a rule Mr. Brodrick stubbornly stands by the arrangement made early in his career at the Foreign Office to decline to answer supplementary questions. Notice appearing on the paper of a question, a written reply is prepared at the Foreign Office. This the Under Secretary reads, staring straight before him with unheeding ears when the Sheffield Knight or Mr. Bowles press supplementary questions. On Tuesday he fell into a strange error. Asked whether the unanimous consent of the Powers approved Japan putting 20,000 men ashore in North China, he shortly answered "No." This created an obvious sensation as importing confirmation of rumoured dissensions in high places. Later he corrected himself, explaining that when he said "no" he meant "yes," a blunder calculated to confirm him in the habit of refusing to answer beyond the limits of his manuscript.

The House treated itself on Morday to the intermitted luxury of a late sitting with the Irish Tithes Bill. It was not extremely prolonged, all being over by twenty minutes past two, an hour which, twenty years ago, was regarded as a fair average time to be getting away. Other days other manners. A sitting till two o'clock in the morning is now something to talk about, members who remained to the end posing as heroes and martyrs. It was a terribly dull performance, Mr. Dillon, taking the leading part, having a really good time with opportunity for making an unlimited series of speeches. On Committee stage of the Bill Mr. Tim Healy was at the front, and, after his manner, made things hum. A growing practice at the Bar in Ireland limits the scope of his performance at Westminster. He has disappeared from the scene, and is not likely to reappear for prolonged stay.

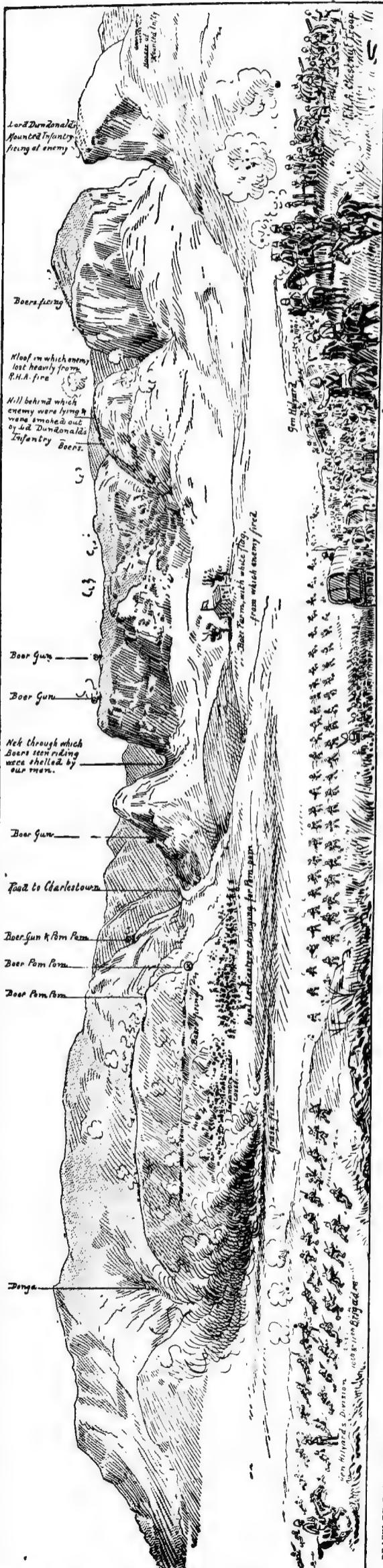
Other absentees from the Irish camp during the squabble over this Bill have been the esteemed Leader and his sometimes really comical brother. Whilst the Irish Nationalists have been loud and unanimous in denunciation of this Bill, Redmond *and* Redmond *cadet* have regularly absented themselves. Whether this portends a fresh rift in the lute of Irish unity is not yet made clear.

Another measure that has occupied two sittings of the week is the Agricultural Holdings Bill. In the matter of dullness this has rivalled the accomplishment of the Tithes Bill. This is in some part owing to the fact that Mr. Channing and Melancholy—the terms are synonymous—have marked it as their own. When the Member for Northamptonshire rises, and there is presented the inevitable prospect of a lengthy speech, members yawn, stretch themselves, and stroll away. In this, as in other matters, occupans of the Front Opposition Bench efface themselves. They regard the Bill as a weak invention of the enemy, primarily designed with an eye on the country voter preparing for a General Election.

on the country voter preparing for a General Election.

Mr. Ritchie had the quite unexpected fortune of being responsible for the only commotion that has through the week ruffled the still waters at Westminster. As President of the Board of Trade he is in charge of the Companies Bill now before the Grand Committee. It is becoming plain that, sticking to present arrangements, meeting only twice a week and sitting for only two hours and a half, that important measure will not be added to the Statute Book this Session. Mr. Ritchie, accordingly, came down and moved a resolution giving the Committee permission to sit every day, even whilst

the House itself is in Session. This was too much for his colleagues on the Committee. It was significant that it was on the Ministerial side revolt broke out, growing so dangerous in appearance that the President of the Board of Trade, following the example of his chief in the matter of the nomination of the War Hospital Committee, was obliged to capitulate. These are little Ministerial disasters, not important in themselves, but indicative of the general condition of restlessness, weariness, and approaching Dis-solution.



ALMOND'S Nek leads from a mountainous country to the flats of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. The taking of this defile is thus described by Sir Redvers Buller in his despatch to the War Office:—“June 11. We forced Almond's Nek to-day. It is not marked on the map, but is the last defile to Charlestown flats. The enemy were in considerable force, with several guns in position. The brunt of the fighting fell upon the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who carried the position at the point of the bayonet, and the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, who were heavily attacked by General Hildyard, whose dispositions were extremely good. The Artillery, 10th Hussars, and 4th Dragoon Guards, directed by Lieutenant E. E. Knox, R.A.M.C., on our right from the very broken country round Iketini Mountain. The whole attack was directed by General Hildyard, whose dispositions were extremely good. The Artillery, 10th Hussars, and 4th Dragoon Guards, directed by Lieutenant E. E. Knox, R.A.M.C.,

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

IN view of the terrible anxiety felt concerning the Legations in Peking, a cruel irony is added to the situation by the fact that it was one of the favourite posts of the younger members of diplomacy. Ladies who refused to go to distant countries would eagerly accompany their husbands to Peking, while the gaieties, the dances, dinners, and private theatricals made even French ladies content to endure banishment from their country. A greater and fuller development of civilised life was confidently expected with the opening of the new hotel, and only two months ago all was gaiety and brightness in the Celestial City. Now, the fearful contrast is forced upon us, while all those who possess relations in Peking tremble for their safety, and deplore the fearful tragedy, the news of which hourly awaits us.

A very charming idea was that of the flower ball recently given in Paris. Every lady represented a flower, every man was requested to wear a light or coloured coat. With all the taste and imagination which characterise Parisians the idea was faithfully and beautifully carried out. A large red poppy was the dress chosen by the hostess; other ladies represented jessamine, cornflowers, orchids, waterlilies, pansies, forget-me-nots, and roses. Princess Henry of Pless wore pale green, with wreaths of yellow jessamine, Mrs. Paget preferred yellow for the colour of her orchid, and Mrs. Michael Herbert chose a white rose, and wore powdered hair. A considerable sensation was caused by the appearance of three great ladies of society, who entered arm-in-arm, dressed respectively as a cornflower, a white and a red carnation, in representation of the French flag. As the night was fine, the groups of living flowers perambulated the garden among the illuminated shrubs and trees, and the picture thus made was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme.

The Marchioness of Breadalbane has been appointed by the Queen a Lady of Grace in the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, an

institution in which Lord Breadalbane takes an active interest. The title is pretty enough to please the most fastidious woman.

Gold, suitable to the golden hues of ripe corn, is the latest fad of the Parisian modiste. She uses it with the frailest of stuffs, with virginal muslin and dainty linen. Gold ribbon is twisted carelessly round tiny waists, and golden moiré or cloth of gold, similar to the ancient gowns of queens, is now pressed into the service of dress. Whole bodices, like burnished corselets, are made of this precious material, woven in a kind of plait and suitable for all kinds of dress. A corselet of gold with a white lace skirt encrusted with gold application is one of the latest novelties. This should be worn with a mantle of shot silk, ornamented with dull gold passementerie. Black velvet Swiss bodices, with braces and laced behind, worn with a chemisette of old Bruges lace, are also popular.

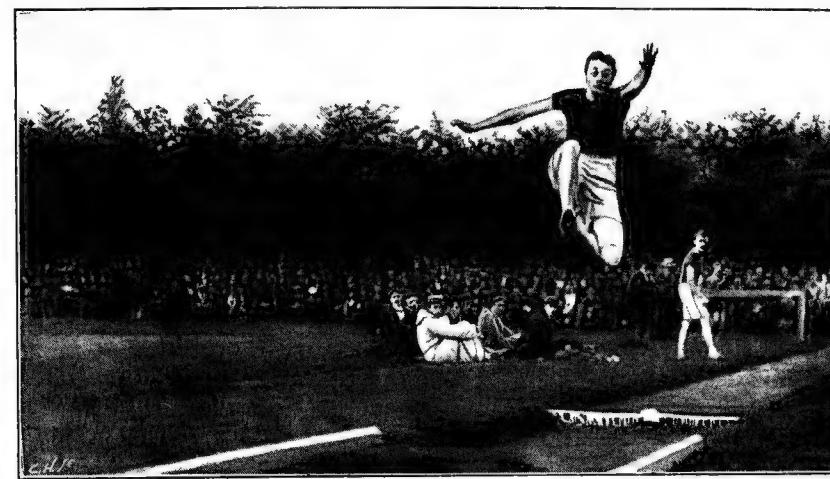
Henley opened brightly, yet the attendance was nothing like that of other years. There were fewer houseboats, fewer crafts on the river, fewer men, fewer tramps, fewer itinerant musicians. A kind of gloom seemed to pervade everybody, the stillness of a forced attempt at amusement. Men running along the bank shouted less

heartily, and even the boys' cheers seemed less vociferous. The houseboats, however, were as prettily decorated as ever, and the ladies' toilettes as picturesque.

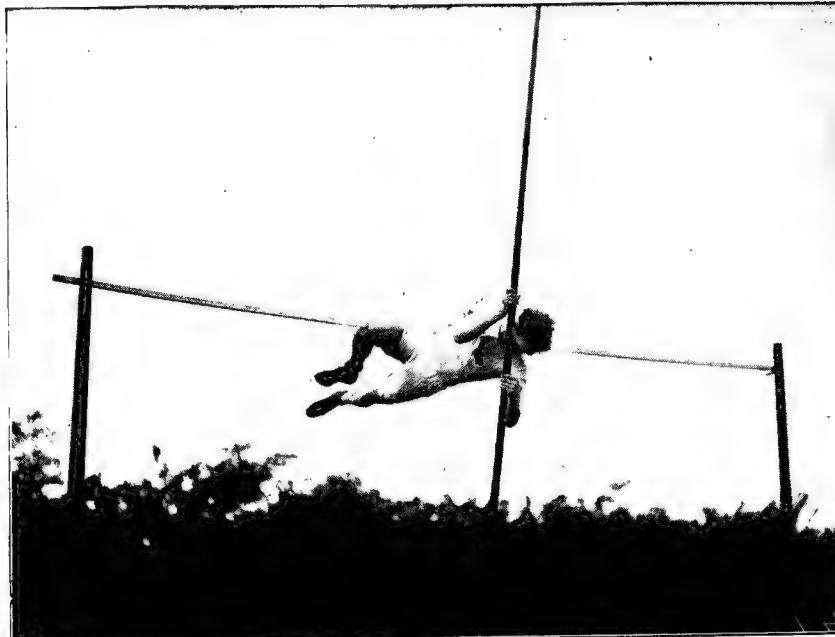
People are constantly being run over in the streets of London, to the extent, it is said, of twenty-five fatal accidents in a week. But that is nothing to the horrors of the Paris streets during this Exhibition time. Well would it be for the inhabitants could the Russian practice be enforced. There, we are told, when a cabman runs over a pedestrian, he is commandeered for the army, his horse is given to the fire brigade, and his cab to the local hospital. Such drastic treatment might possibly cure the Jehus of careless driving.

## The Amateur Athletic Championships

THERE were a great many entries from India, Australia, Canada, and the United States at the Amateur Athletic Championship meeting held last Saturday at Stamford Bridge, and the visitors carried off between them no fewer than eight events out of the thirteen in the programme. It is curious to note that the only events won by Englishmen were the long-distance races. The Mile fell to Chas. Bennett (Finchley Harriers), whose time was 4 min. 28 1/5 sec. A. E. Tysoe (Salford Harriers) won the Half-Mile in 1 min. 57 2/5 sec., and thus held the Championship he won last year. Bennett, though he secured the Mile, had to give up the Four Miles, which he won last year, to J. T. Rimmer, Southport, who won by 100 yards in 20 min. 11 sec. W. J. Sturgess (Polytechnic Harriers), last year's champion, succeeded in winning the Four Miles Walk, his time being 30 min. 20 4/5 sec., and the Two Miles Steeplechase was won by S. J. Robinson, Northampton. The other events all fell to Americans. The 100 Yards was won by A. F. Duffy (Georgetown Univ.); the Weight by R. Sheldon (New York A.C.); the Hammer by J. J. Flanagan (New York A.C.), who created a record by throwing 162 ft. 1 in.; the High Jump by J. K. Baxter (Penn. Univ.), who cleared 6 ft. 2 in.; the Hurdles by A. C. Kraenzlein (Penn. Univ.), whose time was 15 2/5 sec., a best on record, and who also won the Long Jump; and the Quarter Mile by M. N. Long (New York A.C.) in 49 4/5 sec.



A. C. KRAENZLEIN (PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY) CLEARING 22 FT. 10 1/2 IN. IN THE LONG JUMP



R. JOHNSON (NEW YORK A.C.) CLEARING 11 FT. 4 IN. IN THE POLE JUMP



J. K. BAXTER (PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY) CLEARING 6 FT. 2 IN. IN THE HIGH JUMP



A. T. TYSOE (SALFORD HARRIERS) WINNING THE HALF-MILE



J. J. FLANAGAN (NEW YORK A.C.) MAKING A RECORD WITH THE HAMMER

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

From Photographs by the Standard Photograph Company

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE accident at Slough has been productive of many suggestions with a view to preventing the repetition of similar catastrophes. All these suggestions remind me that many years ago, when I was a small boy, I recollect seeing at some exhibition a working model of an apparatus for stopping a runaway locomotive. As far as I can remember, it consisted in raising a block—the machinery for doing this was worked at some distance from the line—between the rails, which touched a rod communicating with the regulator and shut off the steam. Surely this apparatus would be useful in the present day, and it doubtless could be so contrived that at the same time it shut off the steam it would put on the brakes. If the action of the aforesaid contrivance were made simultaneous with the working of the semaphore, there would be no more running past danger signals. It would make it simply impossible for a train to proceed as long as the signals were against it. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the invention to know whether it could be generally applied to the railways of the present time, but I should think it could. It will be doubtless urged that such an installation would be expensive. No doubt it would, but probably not so costly as an accident like that at Slough the other day.

On Monday, the sixteenth, Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, one hundred and seventy-seven years ago. I wonder whether his birthday is annually celebrated in the pleasant little town on which he conferred celebrity, and if it is the occasion of a holiday at the Grammar School, where the great portrait-painter made his first efforts in drawing, and where his father, Samuel Reynolds, was master from 1723 to 1746. When I paid a visit to the place a few years ago I did not find enthusiasm on the subject of Sir Joshua to be by any means rampant. It was holiday-time, and I could not get into the Grammar School, and I could not find anyone who had the key, and I went away somewhat disappointed. The enthusiasm of Sir Joshua's fellow-townsmen seems to have abated since the accomplished artist was made Mayor of his native town, or they would scarcely have allowed the portrait of himself that he presented to the town to be sold years ago for 150*l.* (What would it fetch now?), or would they have permitted the house where he was born to be demolished in 1868. Let us hope, however, that the memory of the celebrity of Plympton is annually commemorated by a holiday to all the pupils of the Grammar School.

The Golden Cross still continues to have the consideration of my correspondents. Mr. F. G. Kitton, whose valuable works on Dickens are too well known to require eulogy in this column, is good enough to write as follows:—"I venture to call your attention to Mr. New's reproduction of an old print (1826) recently published in the Rochester edition of 'Pickwick,' where you will see there was an archway giving into the Strand which doubtless gave access to a courtyard. On either side of the archway was a shop, forming part of the hotel building, which faced Whitehall. The design of the front of the Golden Cross was Gothic in character, having an embattled parapet with two crocketed pinnacles. Over the archway was a bay window. I do not consider any reliance can be placed upon the topographical accuracy of Seymour's etching in 'Pickwick' ('The Pugnacious Cabman'), as the illustrators of that day did not trouble themselves much about that kind of thing."

This would appear to be additional testimony to my view of the subject. Here is the date, 1826, and Mr. Pickwick and his friends started on their expedition on May 13, 1827. (Surely the Boz Club should annually celebrate that date as Pickwick Day.) The inn faces Whitehall, so Mr. Jingle's remarks would be perfectly apposite, and, added to this, the present Golden Cross was not erected till 1832. Of course there are various prints of earlier Golden Crosses—for instance, that by Bowles, after Canaletti, dated 1753—but these are in nowise concerned in the present discussion. It seems to me the whole matter is comprised in Mr. Jingle's observation "as they came out under the low archway." He said, "Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there, eh, sir?—he didn't keep a sharp look out enough either—eh, sir, eh?" Now, I have carefully inspected the prospect from the sites of the old hotel and the new,



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. E. WATTS

THE S.S. "MARIPOSA" BURNING IN ALGOA BAY

## A Burning Steamer in Algoa Bay

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

and I find from the latter you get a view down Craven Street, but it is absolutely impossible to get a glimpse of Whitehall. But from the site of the old inn, behind the statue of King Charles, Whitehall is not only visible but presents a striking object in the vista before you. Is not this conclusive? To fix the localities of Dickens you always have to read the text most carefully, and then you invariably find some word or sentence that usually indicates the exact spot. It seems to be so in this instance.

Can anyone tell me the meaning of those squares of stout timber—looking like pens for a rhinoceros—that may be seen in and about Trafalgar Square at the present time? Can anyone enlighten me with regard to the strange white markings that may be found on the roadways and the sidewalks? I have examined these matters carefully, indeed so carefully that several active and intelligent officers have regarded my movements with considerable suspicion, and I have come to the conclusion that not a little improvement is likely to be made with regard to the accommodation of wheel traffic and foot passengers in the southern part of the square. This, by the way, is not before it is required. There are a series of dangerous crossings hereabouts which we should be glad to see obliterated. A good deal has been done in this quarter within the last year or two, but there still remains much to be accomplished. As far as I can make out the contemplated changes will contribute not a little to the comfort and convenience of the peripatetic, a class for whose welfare I ever have the most earnest consideration.

Years ago it was said trees would not grow in London, and the authorities were sneered at for planting the Embankment with planes. Now it has been proved how luxuriantly trees will flourish in the metropolis we feel we cannot have too many. One is continually finding spots appropriate for greenery, and wondering why they are not planted. Among these may be especially noted the lawns in Parliament Square. Turf is a very pleasant thing to gaze upon, but it looks all the better for the chequered shadow of foliage. I wonder whether there is any especial reason why trees should not be planted in the spots indicated.

The s.s. *Mariposa* arrived in Algoa Bay carrying a cargo of compressed hay, a present from the Australian Government to the Imperial Government for use of the horses employed in the war. She was on her maiden voyage, being just three months off the slips. On Sunday, May 20, the crew were busy discharging cargo, when, owing to some dispute with the captain, they struck work. The captain thereupon told the men that Monday being a holiday (owing to Mafeking having been relieved) he would see that they had plenty of work to keep them busy all that day.

Soon after this a clerk on board, who was checking the number of bales discharged, noticed a smell of burning, which he at once reported to the captain. The latter declared this to be but the smell of new paint. However, the clerk was soon proved to have been correct in his statement, for soon clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the open hatchway, followed shortly afterwards by huge bursts of flame. Three boats' crews from H.M.S. *Pelorus* at once put off to the burning steamer, of which they took charge till the fire was found to have complete hold of the cargo.

With the very limited means for coping with such an occurrence as Algoa Bay possesses, it is needless to say that nothing could be done to save the ship, which was simply towed ashore by two tugs and left to her fate. All day the hay burned merrily, and at night the scene was grand, and attracted far larger congregations than did the united eloquence of all the persons in Port Elizabeth. The seamen did not work on Monday, it is true; but it is very doubtful if they joined with any spirit in the rejoicings in celebration of the relief of Mafeking, for, owing to the fire having broken out aft, they were unable to save anything of their personal belongings save the clothes they stood up in.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. E. WATTS

Our Correspondent writes:—"There are at present thirty-seven large vessels lying in Algoa Bay, off Port Elizabeth, including the third-class cruiser *Pelorus*. This is a greater number of ships than has ever been known in this harbour at one time."

A CROWDED ROADSTEAD: THE VESSELS IN ALGOA BAY

## THE GRAPHIC

## WHERE TO DINE.

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## Three More V.C.'s

AMONG the latest recipients of the Victoria Cross are Captain E. B. Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders; Captain C. FitzClarence, of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment); and Lieutenant (now Captain) Sir John P. Milbanke, Bart., of the 10th Hussars. Both Captain Towse and Captain FitzClarence have qualified more than once for the honour conferred upon them.

The manner in which each won the coveted distinction is thus described:—On October 14, 1899, Captain FitzClarence went with his squadron of the Protektorate Regiment, consisting of only partially-trained men, who had never been in action, to the assistance of an armoured train which had gone out from Mafeking. The enemy were in greatly superior numbers, and the squadron was for a time surrounded. Captain FitzClarence, however, by his personal coolness and courage inspired the greatest confidence in his men, and, by his bold and efficient handling of them, not only succeeded in relieving the armoured train, but inflicted a heavy defeat on the Boers.

On October 27, 1899, Captain FitzClarence led his squadron from Mafeking across the open, and made a night attack with the bayonet on one of the enemy's trenches. A hand-to-hand fight took place in the trench, while a heavy fire was concentrated on it from the rear. The enemy was driven out with heavy loss. Captain FitzClarence was the first man into the position, and accounted for four of the enemy with his sword. On December 26, 1899, during the action at Game Tree, near Mafeking, Captain FitzClarence again distinguished himself by his coolness and courage, and was again wounded.

On December 11, 1899, at the action of Majesfontein, Captain Towse was brought to notice by his commanding officer for his gallantry and devotion in assisting the late Colonel Downman, when mortally wounded, in the retirement, and endeavouring,

when close up to the front of the firing line, to carry Colonel Downham on his back; but finding this not possible, Captain Towse supported him till help arrived.

On April 30, 1900, Captain Towse, with twelve men, took up a position on the top of Mount Thaba, far away from support. A force of about 150 Boers attempted to seize the same plateau, neither party appearing to see the other until they were but 100 yards apart. Some of the Boers then got within forty yards of Captain

on his own horse under a most galling fire and brought him safely back to camp.

## Exhibition Jottings

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

In the past and present week an attempt has been made to organise fêtes on a large scale, such as will really strike

the popular imagination. For the first time since the Exhibition opened the immense Salle des Fêtes has been made use of, for I do not count the fencing competitions held in one corner of the vast building and attended by five or six hundred people. This time the fête was a real fête—that is, it was intended for the amusement of those taking part in it. It was described on the card as a "concert et après-midi dansante," and fifteen thousand invitations were issued.

It was, however, only partly successful. The attendance was very large and seemed animated with the best of intentions, but the acoustics of the vast hall are very poor, so that the concert was not what it might have been. The curious hour for which invitations had been issued—three to six in the afternoon—seemed to interfere with the dancing. In order to dance,

especially in hot summer weather, one wants to be properly clothed. As evening suits and ball dresses are not worn at three o'clock in the afternoon the effect on the terpsichorean part of the entertainment was marked.

Then two days later the President gave a garden party in the beautiful grounds of the Elysée, to which six thousand invitations had been issued. The weather was splendid, and the affair was in every way a success. Here, too, dancing was the order of the day, but as far as I saw it was confined entirely to the cadets from the military schools, especially St. Cyr and the young girls from the school in connection with the Order of the Legion of Honour. These are always invited to such functions and enjoy them greatly.



CAPTAIN E. B. TOWSE



CAPTAIN SIR JOHN P. MILBANK



CAPTAIN CHARLES FITZCLARENCE

## THE LATEST RECIPIENTS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

Towse and his party, and called on him to surrender. He at once caused his men to open fire, and remained firing himself until severely wounded, both eyes being shattered, but ultimately succeeded in driving off the Boers. The gallantry of this officer in vigorously attacking the enemy (he not only fired, but charged forward) saved the situation, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Boers.

On January 5, 1900, during a reconnaissance near Colesberg Sir John Milbanke, when retiring under fire with a small patrol of the 10th Hussars, notwithstanding the fact that he had just been severely wounded in the thigh, rode back to the assistance of one of the men whose pony was exhausted, and who was under fire from some Boers who had dismounted. Sir John Milbanke took the man up

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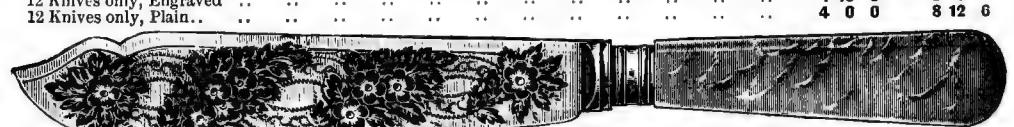
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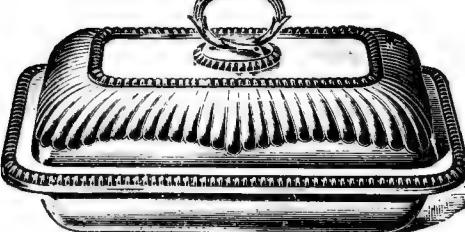
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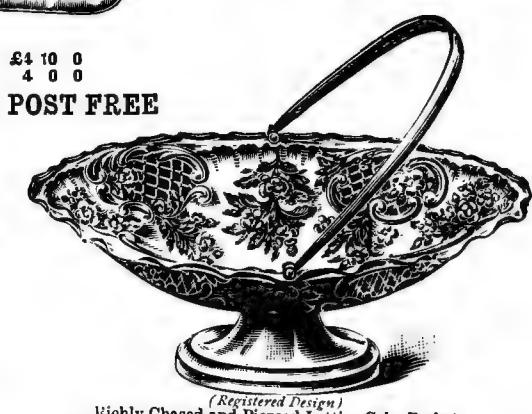
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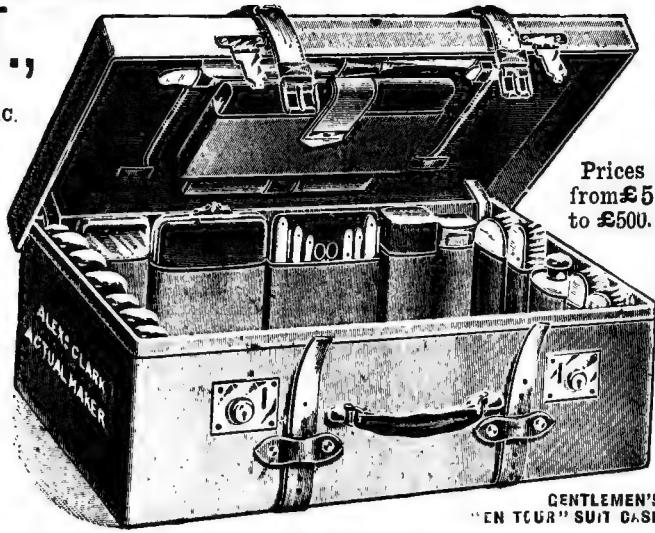
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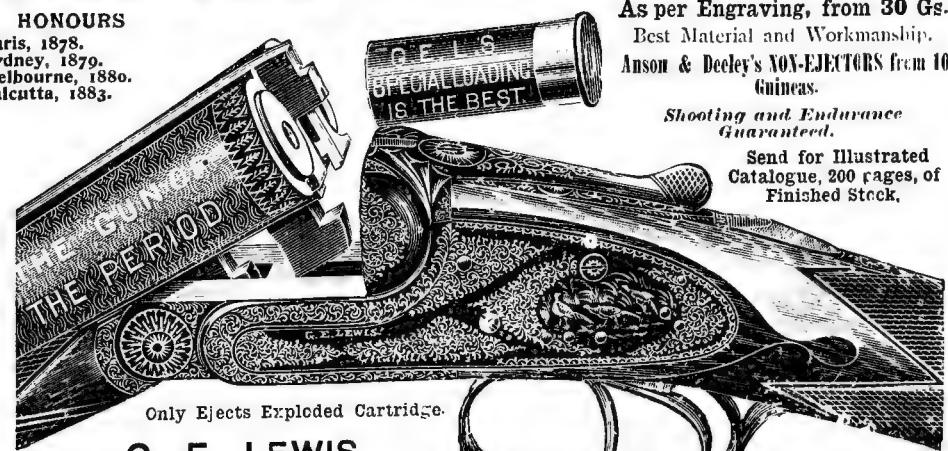
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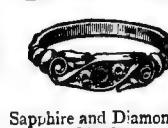
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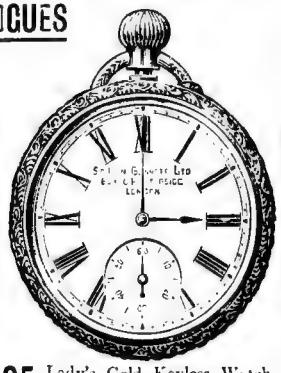
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## The Brothers Meeting

AN interesting episode connected with the siege of Mafeking is the fact that an energetic brother of Colonel Baden-Powell's was in the relief column, and was the first man to penetrate to the colonel's bedside and awaken him with the good news of their success. We give a portrait of Major Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, which was taken when he was A.D.C. to the Governor of Queensland. Always a most enthusiastic balloonist and aeronaut, the major took out to Africa with him a small flying apparatus in the hope that it might come into use in rescuing his brother in Mafeking. The relieving column, however, proved strong enough to give the Boer besiegers a good thrashing, and to put them all to flight, and the kite was not required.

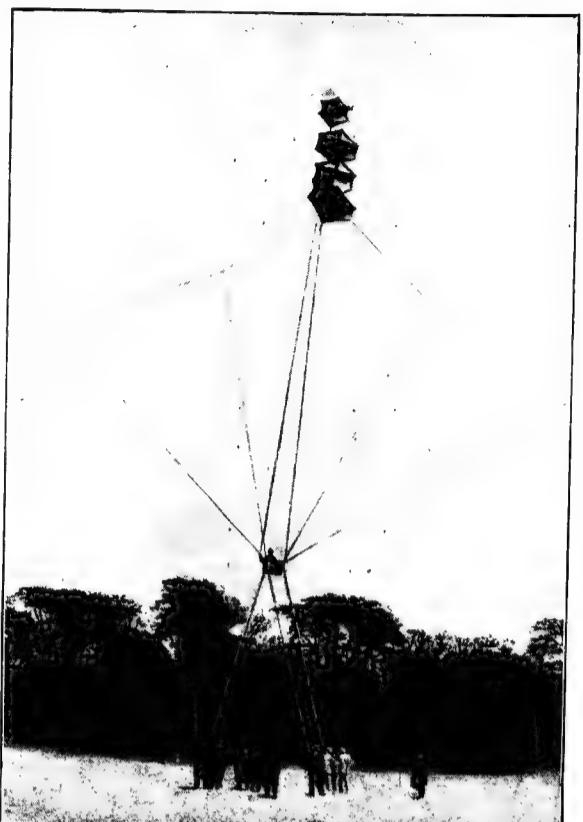
An officer who has just returned from the siege relates that the beleaguered garrison could hear the guns and the fighting going on up till dusk, and then learnt from a messenger how the relief column had gained the day, and were going to camp outside Mafeking for that night. Weak, suffering and hungry, they were scarcely able to rouse much enthusiasm over even this longed-for news. It is said that several gaunt figures were seen hurrying to their cooks and ordering dinner "at once," for, said they, "now let us eat up all the food at last." With a feeling of security and relief not experienced for many a long month the weary garrison retired to rest. The colonel commanding threw himself on to a couch, and before long was lost in grateful slumber. Meantime Major B. Baden-Powell, travel-stained and worn with forced marches, felt his spirits more and more buoyed up as he neared his brother. During the afternoon's battle a bullet had struck him, but it had been diverted by the watch in his pocket, which was smashed to atoms. Towards three o'clock in the morning the major might have been seen groping his way in the dark through the *débris* of the bombarded houses, and then, reaching the colonel's den, he at last put his hand on the shoulder of his dozing brother. The meeting, after seven months' intense anxiety and suspense, can be better imagined than described. Our portrait of Major Baden-Powell is by Lafayette.



MAJOR B. BADEN-POWELL  
Who entered Mafeking with the Relief Column

## A Siege Diary

MAJOR BAILLIE'S diary of the siege of Mafeking furnishes the first complete record of one of the most memorable chapters in the war. The writer is in a measure the authorised historian of Mafeking, and the task has fallen into good hands, for his narrative is vivid and picturesque, and, moreover, reflects admirably the



MAJOR B. BADEN-POWELL'S MILITARY KITE

tone and spirit of the garrison throughout the whole trying time—a spirit which is best illustrated in such entries as this:—

MONDAY.—To-day they shelled the town, doing no damage. They employed a new sort of nine-pounder shell, which will make a nice lamp stand.

The book is full of interesting fragments, such as the quaint, illiterate letter, addressed to General Baden-Powell, which was found in a shell fired into the town, while the writer has much to say about the Kaffirs, whom, he avers, are nearly insensible to pain. As an instance, he mentions the case of a native, who

roared with laughter when a Martini bullet was extracted from his lung, who would on no account part with the bullet, and soon recovered. Another Zulu, wounded in the toe, could not be made to understand that a thermometer was to be placed in his mouth; he was shot in the toe—he wanted the thermometer between his toes! Major Baillie came out of the siege, *again*, with a great admiration for the usually rather despised Baralongs, who seem to have behaved admirably, though they did not indulge in the antics of a mad Zulu who, says the writer, "when the frenzy seizes him, strips and indulges in a war dance in front of the Boers":—

How many thousand pounds of ammunition they have fired at him it would be hard to say, but one day for certain they fired a nine-pounder Krupp at him, the only result being that he assegai'd the spot where each shell fell. My own personal experience of him was aggravating. One day, having selected a secluded spot with good cover from which to spy, and thinking myself exceedingly well concealed, I was much annoyed by the inordinate amount of bullets which came my way, and whilst waiting till they stopped, I happened to look round and discovered that my friend, stark naked, was dancing about a hundred yards in rear of me. When he had finished he put on his clothes and went home.

The writer does not lay down the law much, but confines himself to chronicling events. On one occasion, though, after receiving papers from home, he gets up and expresses a few opinions about arm-chair critics. "I do not love the Boer," he says, "and I don't think I shall until the Boer loves me. There is only one way to obtain his respect and even toleration, and that is by proving yourself the better man. Then will there be peace in the country." Particularly is he annoyed, too, with Mr. Baillie Grohman's remarks about explosive bullets. "I do assert most emphatically," he writes, "that the Boers use explosive bullets," and as the writer is a man who has "tried to bag game and Boers with about equally moderate success," he is entitled to a hearing.

I have seen the bullets, heard the bullets, and picked up the base of bullets with fulminate caps in them. They were not Mauser bullets, they were not expanding bullets, they were explosive bullets pure and simple, and the Boers have confessed to their use. Therefore I think it would only have been fair had Mr. Baillie Grohman waited to know on what grounds people out here have made these assertions before writing a somewhat conclusive letter in which the main point appeared to be that there was no such thing as an explosive Mauser bullet.

The volume contains a number of telling illustrations reproduced from *The Daily Graphic*, and it carries the story right up to Commandant Elliott's desperate assault, and the relief which followed so quickly afterwards. It is right at the end of his capital little book that Major Baillie makes a brief contribution to an all-important topic. "I wonder," he writes, "if people at home realise in what a position our loyalists in Bechuanaland have been placed? If they didn't come in their own countrymen regarded them as rebels—if they did they lost all they had. But by doing as they have done—that is by carrying on their business while exposed to all the contumely and insult the Boers could heap on them, with the possible loss of life as well as property, they have served their country as well as those who have taken up arms; because their houses have always been a safe place for runners to go to, and news about the doings of the Boers could be obtained from them. Besides, they know which of the Boers fought and which didn't, and this fact now terrifies the rebels and keeps many quiet who might not otherwise be so." ("Mafeking: A Diary of the Siege." By Major F. A. Baillie, late 4th Queen's Own Hussars. A. Constable and Co.)

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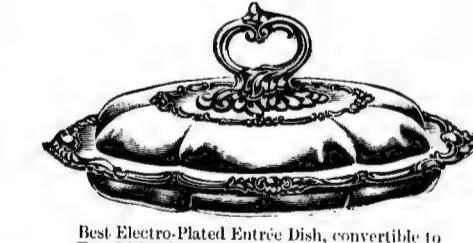
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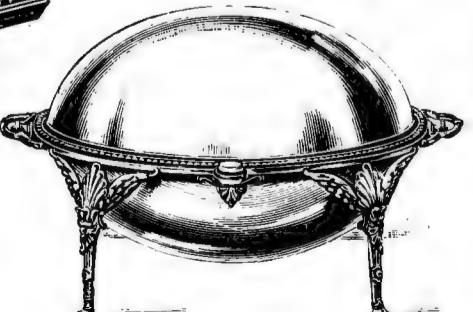
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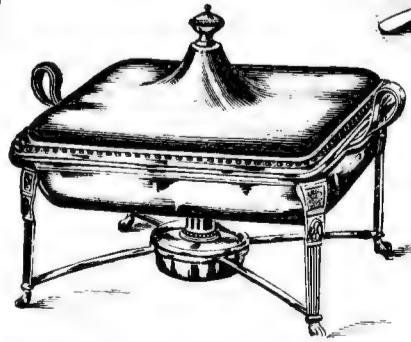
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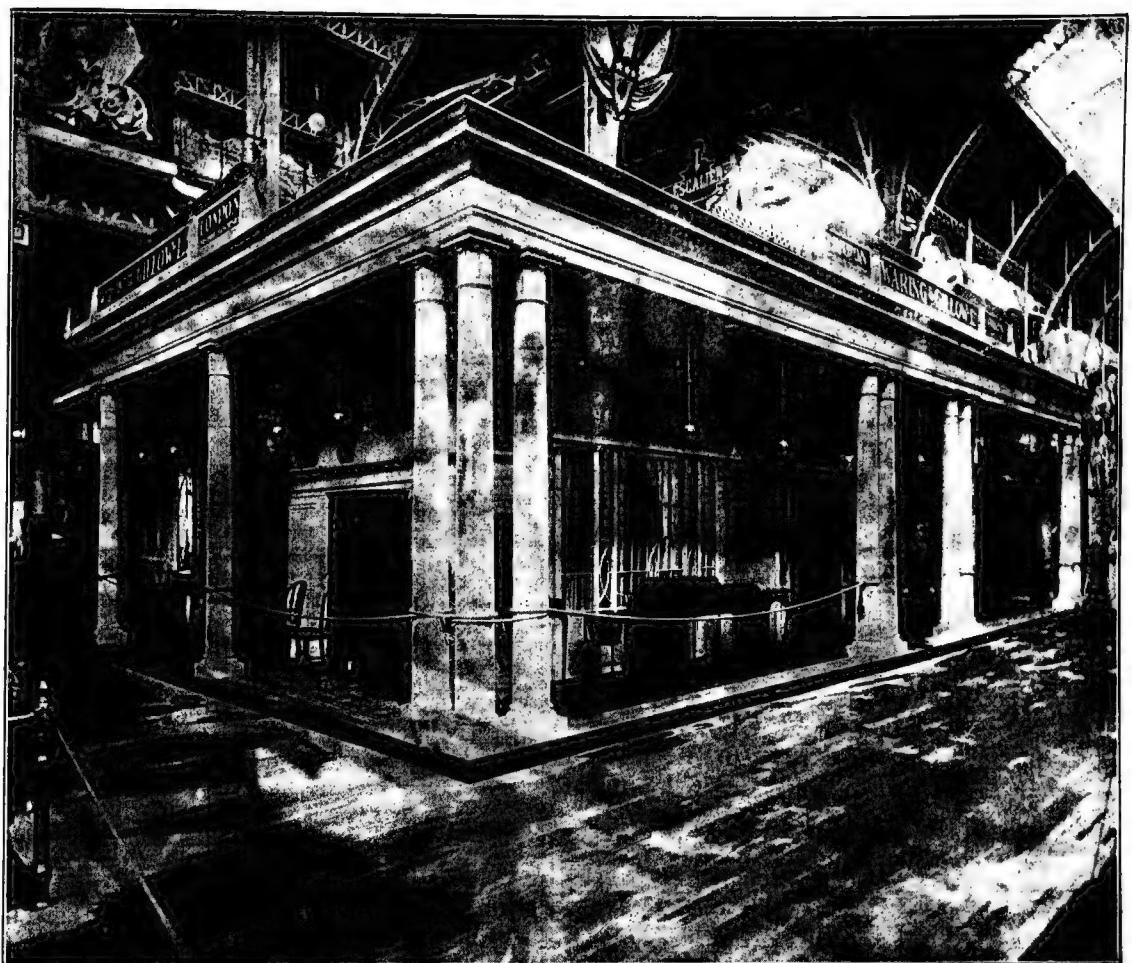
# WARINGS' ARTISTIC ROOMS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

IN the eminent decorative house of Warings opened their Paris branch, rooms which they exhibited there as illustrations of the new English taste were a revelation to artistic Paris. This interesting and beautiful as now been temporarily supplemented by an exhibit of furnished at the Exposition, in the Avenue aux Invalides, where the section is located. And once more Warings have, by their charming, and inexpensive treatment of the various rooms in a house, illuminated the Continental mind with regard to those principles which are the essential of comfort, and without which ambitious artistic efforts fall dismally short of success.

Warings had need to do anything to convince the Continental public of the superiority of their work, which has already become a household word. They principally aimed at was to show that this decorative taste and art were consistent with economy of outlay. In England this fact is appreciated; Paris is now learning it. Visitors to the Exhibition before them an object-lesson in that happy combination—maximum of minimum of cost. Warings embarked on the development of the Renaissance as applied to the decoration of the home, with two fixed principles always in mind—the first was to make all their work artistic, and second was to make it cheap. In both aims they have been successful, so that their name is a synonym not only for artistic perfection, but for prices which bring this perfection within everybody's reach.

This important question of price is illustrated triumphantly in the Paris rooms. Here are presented the ordinary, everyday rooms of a modern or flat, originally treated, eminently adapted to "human nature's daily needs," harmonious in colour, captivating in their refined simplicity, yet, within the compass of the person of moderate means. Warings are telling here the new and almost heterodox doctrine that it is possible for Art and Cheapness to go hand in hand. The exterior gives at once the key-note of a gracious reticence. The pavilion comprises a suite of rooms enclosed by a very charming arched corridor, in white panelled wood, on a raised oak platform. This corridor, which runs round three sides of the erection, is copied from an old house in Maryland, in the United States, as being one of the best examples extant of the Adams treatment interpreted in what is called the "Colonial" manner.

The Entrance Hall is in the Georgian style, also in white panelled woodwork, with a charming silver and green frieze, and a fireplace of marble with pale green tiles. From the Hall one passes through a wide opening into the Morning Room, which is an endeavour to convey to the Continental mind a practical and refined treatment of an English parlour—say a sitting or living room, which is less stiff and formal than a drawing-room, yet is considered worthy of the prettiest artistic treatment. Here the artist has gone to Elizabethan models for his inspiration, which finds its



THE EXTERIOR OF WARINGS' PAVILION

The principal room of the suite is unquestionably the Dining-Room, which is a fine Jacobean apartment in panelled oak. The features to be specially noticed, where all is interesting, are a built-in sideboard in carved and inlaid oak, the beautiful paneling of the walls, and the stone chimneypiece which spans the whole width of the room and is characterised by the old-style construction, with cupboards and niches, which prevailed two or three centuries ago in the houses of well-to-do yeomen. The ceiling is very simply ribbed. The table is copied from an old Jacobean model, and is extended in the old-fashioned way. The ensemble of this Dining-Room is beautiful. Everything about it—the antique Persian carpet, the soft hangings, the fine paneling—conveys the idea of comfort. Here, too, we get a really wonderful effect at a comparatively low cost.

Allied with Waring and Gillow is the firm of T. J. Bontec and Sons, who, for many, many years in Bond Street, London, were the leading importers of fine Oriental carpets. This branch of the business is represented in the Gallery of the Decorative Section, where they show a magnificent selection of ancient and modern Oriental carpets and rugs. No finer exhibit of the kind has ever been got together by a commercial firm, many of the examples being unparalleled for their exquisite design and the beautiful way in which they are woven.

These exhibits have already attracted a great deal of attention. Paris has—to use the expressive Americanism—"caught on" to the "New Art" which Warings have introduced. The Continent has hitherto been treated to too rigorous a repetition of the accepted styles, and, whether they would or not, people have been compelled to surround themselves with decoration and furniture, admirable enough as illustrating bygone modes, but out of keeping with the requirements, and the demand for comfort, and the considerations of cost of the end of the nineteenth century. With one wave of the magician's wand the position is changed. The French now realise that, without sacrificing art by the smallest tithe, they can get more suitable, more comfortable, and much cheaper homes. Only a house with enormous resources, with a fine studio of designers, and with factories of almost unlimited extent, could produce such inimitable, high-class work at prices within the scope of everyone's means.

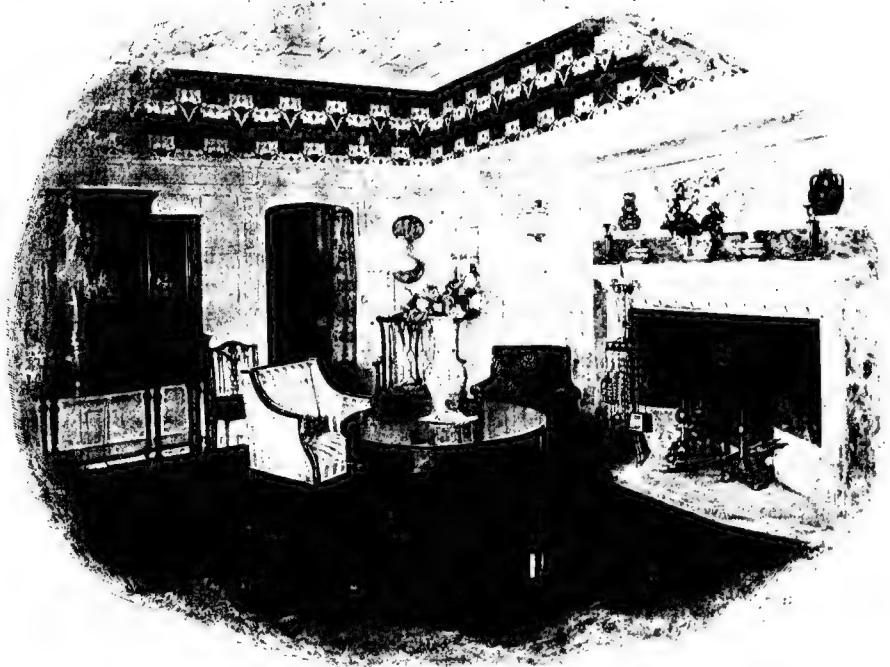


THE DINING-ROOM

ression in the ribbed ceiling and in the exquisitely panelled and recessed chimneypiece. The exception of the gold frieze, are panelled in white woodwork. There is a polished oak window end, and also a seat shaped to fit into the bow window. The warm carpet and hangings, pretty Queen Anne furniture, quaint electroliers made to represent mediæval lanterns, judicious decorative employment of blue and white china, all combine to make this morning delightful and attractive apartment. Its essential note is cheerfulness associated with refinement; a most characteristic, from the point of view of the householder, is that it is essentially inexpensive. The other side of the Entrance Hall is a Sheraton-fitted bedroom, which is, perhaps, the most example of inlaid satinwood cabinet-work that has ever been seen in France, the grain of wood being exceptionally fine. The carpet and hangings are in rose colour, which creates a full harmony with the rich tone of the woodwork; and the apartment may be said to touch the water mark of art combined with practicability.

Next door to this is a Bathroom, which, it is needless to say, is constructed on the most approved principles. Beyond the Bathroom is a quaint Child's Bedroom, fitted in pale green woodwork, mounted with a pictorial frieze. In this room a quaint, archaic feeling is rather in evidence, as exemplified in the curious, small side windows, the semicircular oak dressing chest, and the fireplace below the floor level. These novel departures from strictly conventional methods are associated with a charming scheme of colour in the ware, draperies, and appointments of the room, and the general effect is fresh, cheerful and fascinating, while the expense of such a room is relatively small.

In addition to the two bedrooms referred to there is a smaller one fitted up in yacht fashion, with bunk beds, in order to show how space may be economised in a small house. Here one notices the various treatment of the electric lights, which are located in glazed recesses resembling portholes; also a copper dressing-table copied from one excavated at Pompeii.



THE MORNING ROOM

### "The Life of Lives"\*

THIS book, says Dean Farrar in his preface, "deals with questions of high importance which the Gospels suggest, and aims at deepening the faith and brightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly." That the writer will obtain this object there can be no two opinions. Dean Farrar's views of life, and consequently of religion, are so broad, so healthy and manly, his aims are so high and his faith so strong, that his opinions, based, as they are, upon a deep study of the life and teachings of Christ, are bound to carry weight, and have great and good influence upon the minds, in the first place, of his readers, and through them upon those of many others.

There is nothing morbid, nothing depressing in religion as he understands it and would have others understand it. Even Christ's life on this earth was not all misery and pain. "It has been an error," says the writer, "to regard the life of our Lord on earth as a life of continuous and almost overwhelming sorrow. . . . Jesus had the deepest sympathy with all natural and innocent sources of gladness. . . . He never intended to reduce the natural blessedness of life to an artificial monotony of woe-begone abjectness. It was one of the objects of His life to give to men 'the oil of exultation for mourning, the spirit of joy for the spirit of heaviness.'" Later, he says:—

The notion that mirth and pleasure are in themselves sinful is an idle superstition. The cross we have to take up is not one of our own devising, but only the cross which God may see fit to lay upon us. Nor must we forget that all sorrow which is *not* self-sought and *not* self-inflicted has its own boundless and eternal consolations—as it had so abundantly for our blessed Lord.

He tells us that most of the erroneous statements which have been thrust into the forefront of erring churches have been built on the isolation from their context of separate texts or phrases, which thus are robbed of their proper historic meaning. An isolated phrase, or emotional expression, unless it harmonise with the whole body of sacred teaching, is misused and perverted when it is treated as though it were a complete revelation. Again, in speaking of "distortions built on isolated phrases," he says:—"But our Lord's comments are always on what the Bible *means*, not on those ingenious perversions of it for party purposes which constitute no small part of current exegesis."

Dean Farrar proves how little forms and ceremonies have to do with true worship. He says, "Christ had nothing to say to the wretched questions which now agitate and distract Church parties. There is not the slightest allusion to His having ever used a purification for ceremonial uncleanness. . . . He was not in the slightest degree interested in 'the sorts and qualities

\* "The Life of Lives. Further Studies in the Life of Christ." By F. W. J. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (Cassell.)



Lord Wolseley last week inspected the boys of the Duke of York's Military School. He was accompanied by Major Freemantle, and together they passed down the lines and made a careful examination of the boys drawn up before them. There was quite an array of Generals among the spectators, while near the gate stood a number of Chelsea pensioners, who took a keen interest in the proceedings. The boys marched past, and went through a number of military exercises. Afterwards Lord Wolseley distributed the prizes to the lads, and gave them a few words of advice and encouragement. It is stated that 90 per cent. of the boys join the Army when they leave school. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

#### THE YOUNG IDEA: THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL

of sacrificial wood,' or 'the right burning of the two kidneys and the fat.' Elsewhere he writes:—"The Sermon on the Mount was the promulgation of the laws of Christ's new kingdom. Conceive what the Sermon on the Mount would have been if it had been delivered by Caiaphas the Priest, or Simon the Pharisee, or any of their modern representatives. Would it not have been full of priestly usurpations and petty orthodoxies, and the small proprieties of the infinitely little? Would it not have been deplorably empty of moral manliness and spiritual freedom? Christ touched on none of these things. Apart from two sacraments, accompanied by rites of the most elementary simplicity, He did not lay down one liturgical ordinance, or ceremonial injunction, or priestly observance, or Pharisaic observance. No; He pronounced beatitudes on the meek and the loving, and precepts of self-denial, and inculcations of tenderness and sympathy."

Dean Farrar has done a great service to his religion and to

Christianity, and although there may be some who will take exception to his manly yet simple interpretation of the Gospels, there is no doubt that it will help many to a better understanding of Christ's teaching, and that it will succeed in "deepening their faith and brightening their hope in Him."

#### Three Lives of Generals

The war in South Africa has been responsible for the publication of a large number of books on military subjects, among which may be included the following admirable little biographies:—Lord Roberts (Melrose), by Horace G. Grover; Major-General Macdonald (Melrose), by David Campbell, and Sir George White (Grant Richards), by Thomas Coates. Although none of them claim to be detailed accounts of the lives of these soldiers, they are, nevertheless, very readable sketches of interesting and eventful careers.

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## Three Books on the British Army

THE British public is so woefully ignorant of the internal economy of its Army, its ideas on the subject, mostly gathered from the vapourings of ladies' novelists, are so erroneous, so exaggerated, that a book such as "Social Life in the British Army" (Long), by a "British Officer," cannot fail to be of the greatest interest and value. In it the author gives an accurate account of an officer's life in barracks, at manoeuvres and foreign stations, describing his work, his amusements, and his social duties; and explains those delicate points of etiquette to which he must conform if his life is to be a happy one. The great questions with which the writer deals are the social status of the Army and the question of officers' pay. He admits that reform is necessary, but advises the authorities to proceed warily. The present system has produced officers second to none in the world's armies, and he thinks that if the pay be so largely increased that anyone will be able to maintain his position without any private means, there is a very serious danger that the present class of officers will be crowded out by newcomers. Tommy Atkins himself is quick at spotting a "gentleman." "It may sound snobbish," he says, "I daresay it is snobbish to say so, but the fact remains that men will follow a 'gentleman' much more readily than they will an officer whose social position is not so well assured."

Major Mockler Ferryman's "Annals of Sandhurst" (Heinemann) will hardly commend itself to the general reader, nor is it intended for him. The early chapters, which deal with the early history of the college, and the changes through which it has passed, are interesting enough, as are also the reminiscences of old cadet days. But fully two-thirds of the volume are taken up with lists of cricket and football matches, of scores made at rifle and revolver competitions, with programmes of dramatic performances in which the cadets have taken part, and kindred matters which are of interest only to past and present students of the Military College.

"Soldiers of the Queen," by Horace Wyndham (Sands).—The success of Mr. Wyndham's first book, "The Queen's Service," has tempted him to a further effort in the same direction. This second book is not so much a personal record as a description, more or less detailed, of the daily routine of a soldier's life in barracks. It may be said to consist of a series of finished sketches of a private's career, from the time he enters the barracks gates as a "raw recruit" until he walks out of them a "time-expired man." Mr. Wyndham has a thorough knowledge of Tommy Atkins, and also knows how to write about him.



The American Colony celebrated the Fourth of July by unveiling a statue of Lafayette. The statue is the gift of American school-children, Congress furnishing the pedestal. The work of Mr. Paul Bartlett, an American sculptor resident in Paris, it has been erected in the Louvre gardens near the Gambetta Monument. President Loubet, General Porter, the Ministers, and an array of notabilities were present at the unveiling. A great-grandson of Lafayette's, Gustave Haningue, and Mr. Bartlett's son performed the unveiling, and M. Loubet then delivered a short speech accepting the gift. Our photograph is by Leon Bouet, Paris

AN AMERICAN GIFT TO PARIS

## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE weather has become more favourable to farmers' expectations, and wheat harvest should be general in a month from now. This is a fortnight later than in a fairly early season. The wheat wants four clear weeks of heat and light to mature the germ into a hard and fit state. There is not much hope of an average yield on land which has been left to itself, but where the plant was helped through the ungenial spring with top-dressings, and where the original autumn sowings were in well-fertilized soil, the promise is now very fair, often four quarters to the acre, and even more. The barley presents an unsatisfactory aspect, and not only is a full average yield per acre unlikely, but the proportion of malting samples is almost certain to be smaller than in either 1899 or 1901. Oats have come on rapidly since June 15, the liberal rainfall of the last fortnight of that month having enabled them to overtake a good deal of their previous arrears of growth. Winter beans look well, but the spring sown are a disappointment. The July crops of bush fruit and of strawberries are turning out very good, and the aspect of the orchards is excellent. A good crop of plums is fully expected, and this, after the failures of both 1899 and 1898, will be exceedingly welcome. Reports from the hop gardens vary a good deal. There is much blight all round Canterbury, but in Hereford and Worcester a good hop year is already spoken of. In the weald of Kent mould is becoming serious, and in Sussex the fly is so great a pest that fears as to the yield are very widespread. The estimates appearing in the technical papers indicate a mean yield of 8 cwt. for the six low counties. The acreage being guessed at 45,000 acres, a yield of 360,000 cwt. would be in store.

## HAYMAKING

The hay harvest is being secured, but not very rapidly. Frequent heavy showers have caused delay, and the scarcity of labour is remarkable. The towns are prosperous and wages high, so that it is to be feared that in too many cases the cost of getting in the hay will eat up the entire margin of profit on its production. The permanent pastures are yielding about ten per cent. below an average crop, the well-manured and well-cultivated "changeable pastures" are nearly a full yield. The rainfall of the first half of 1900 being rather over the mean the hay should have yielded better, but the crop is one against which a steadily unfavourable April and

*Pears*



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I've sneaked his tub!

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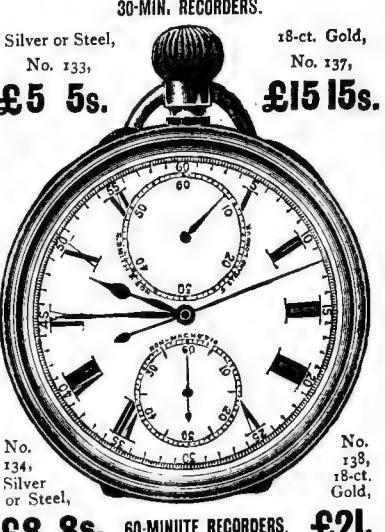
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No. 137.

May period tells with great force. The use of machinery is steadily increasing; but for it the crops could hardly be secured at all.

#### THE GARDEN

A good show of roses makes most gardens gay at the present moment, but it has been a most variable season for lilies. The common white lily, and also some of the red kinds, have done very badly indeed for the most part, while the long trumpet-shaped lily, and also some rare yellow lilies, have found the peculiar conditions of the year suit them. The poppies make a grand show where grown, and new varieties are introduced with success every year. The absence of scent is the one drawback. The same remark applies to the petunia, which increases yearly in favour, and is a splendid addition to the balcony as well as to the garden. We are sorry to see the coarse-looking leopard bane sold by most florists as

coronarium, replacing the beautiful sulphur-coloured marguerites. The use of the hop as a creeper to cover walls is increasing, and its rapid growth is in its favour, but its leaves go off an ugly rusty colour, and it is deciduous. For the purpose of covering unsightly places the evergreen ivies cannot be replaced. Beech hedges might remain on all through the winter, are a beauty in themselves. The shortening of the days and the planting of celery and other winter vegetables are twin reminders of the best of the year being behind and not before us; the midsummer period has, in fact, passed before we had barely realised that summer had come. Lawns, after the rainy June, are looking very well, and the only drawback is the way that weeds have come on under the same stimulus. The revival of croquet is bringing into careful gardening and trim keeping many lawns previously neglected because not of shape or size for lawn tennis.

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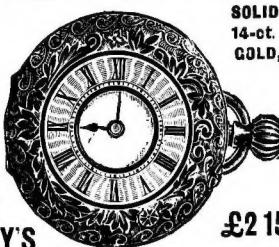
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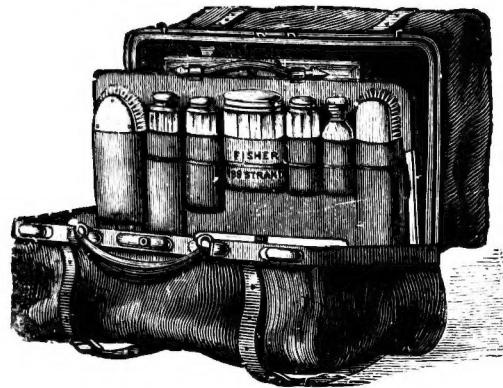
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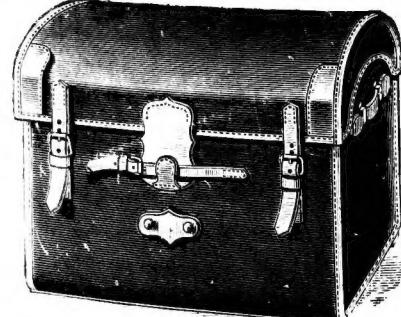
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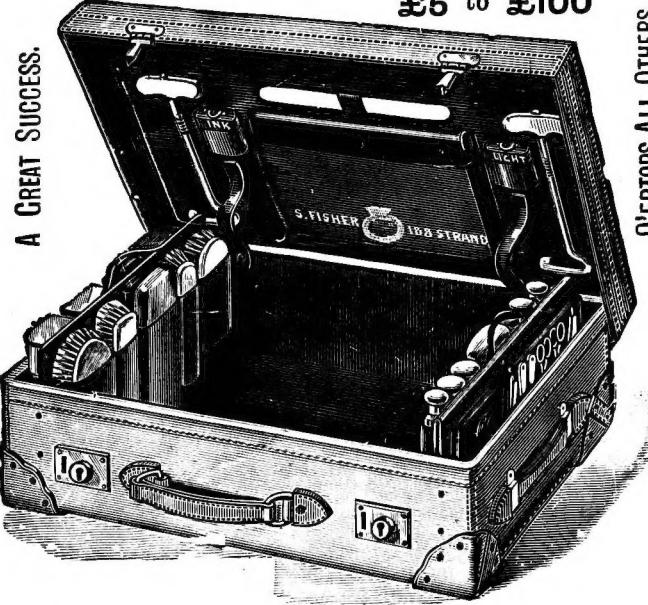
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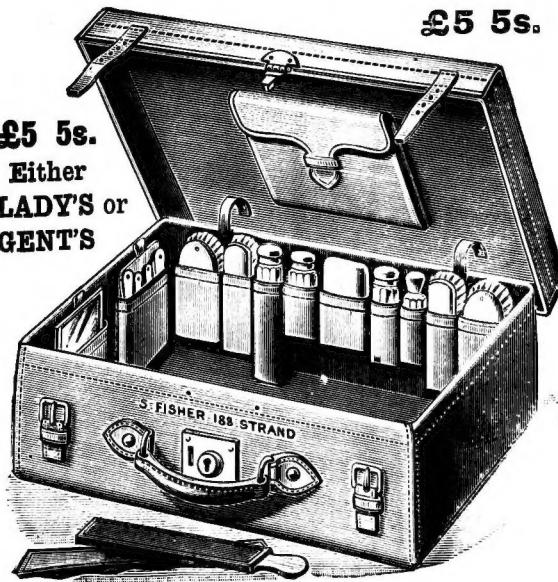
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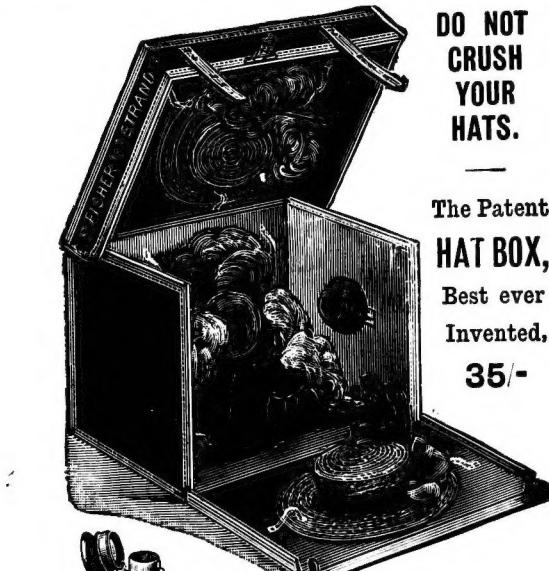


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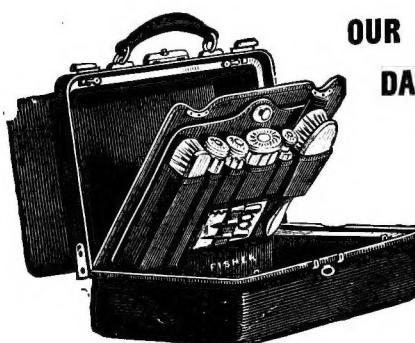
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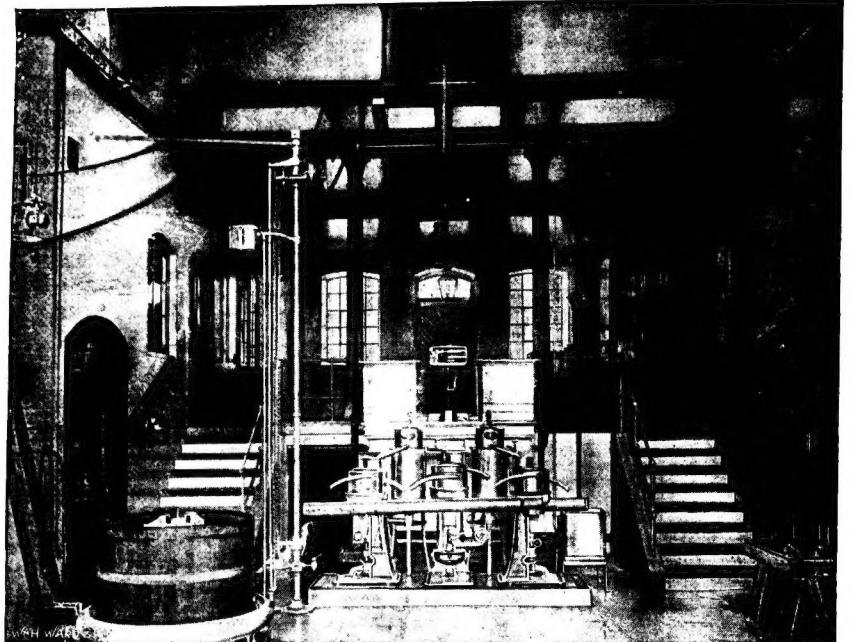
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